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Daily Mirror

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No. 190.

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MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

DOWIE THE FAITH-HEALER INSULTS THE KING.



"The King and his priests are worshippers of Baal," shouted Dr. Dowie yesterday to the select party of his followers who were privileged to hear the greatest religious humbug of the age revile the greatest Christian Sovereign.—(Sketched yesterday at Zion Tabernacle.)

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

“Worth a Guinea a Box.”

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They are at the top in
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And not without good reason.
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Prepared only by the Proprietor, **THOMAS BEECHAM**, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Yorkshire, thanks to some brilliant bowling by Rhodes, easily defeated Notts. The match between Cambridge University and Surrey ended in a victory for the latter by 40 runs. Worcester beat Hampshire by six wickets.—(Page 15.)

WAR

The eyes of the world are centred on
JAPAN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, and

RUSSIA'S

inability to stem the tide of the Japanese advance is causing great astonishment to Army and Navy men of every nation who are at the theatre of war.

JAPAN'S

FIGHT FOR FREEDOM is a history of the struggle now raging in the Far East, written by Mr. W. H. Wilson, who is second to none in the telling of war news. Part 8 of his superbly illustrated **JAPAN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM** is now on sale at all news stands.

The price is 6d.

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SEVEN DAYS' SHELLING

Struggle for the Inner Forts at Port Arthur.

RUSSIAN VICTORY REPORTED

Five Japanese Columns March on Kuropatkin's Positions.

Chinese refugees say that a battle was fought on Thursday within seven miles of the inner forts at Port Arthur. From Yingkow (Newchwang) it is reported that the Russians have won a great victory, while at the Russian headquarters at Liao-yang a rumour is current that a successful sortie has been made from Port Arthur. There is, however, no official confirmation of these reports.

From other sources it is announced that an incessant bombardment of Port Arthur has been proceeding during the past seven days, and decisive events are expected daily. One report goes so far as to say that the forts are already in the hands of the Japanese, and another that the Russians have destroyed three of their ships, and that the remainder of the fleet has escaped to sea. Other reports assert that many portions of the western part of the town have been destroyed by the Japanese guns, and several Russian ships have been struck by shells. All these are unofficial statements, but as a feeling prevails in St. Petersburg that the fortress cannot hold out much longer, news of great moment may be looked for shortly.

Everything points to a general advance on the part of General Kuropatkin's forces. Five columns are moving upon Mukden, Liao-yang, and two other important points near the railway. Conflicting reports abound as to General Kuropatkin's attitude. On the one hand, his retreat north is announced, and on the other it is said that reinforcements are reaching him daily, and that he will soon materially change the situation.

WITHIN SEVEN MILES.

CHIFU, Sunday.

Chinese arriving from Port Arthur say that a battle was fought on the 9th within seven miles of the inner forts at Port Arthur, and that Japanese ships were supporting the army on the east coast of the Liaotung Peninsula.—Reuter's Special Service.

RUMOURED RUSSIAN VICTORY.

PARIS, Sunday.

The "Matin" contains the following from Yingkow, dated Saturday:—

"The booming of cannon was heard yesterday. The Japanese are said to have been bombarding Singchen, a railway station thirty miles south of Kaiping.

"A rumour is current that the Russians have won a great victory."—Reuter.

RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS,

Liao-yang, Saturday.

The rumour is persistently current that a successful sortie has been made from Port Arthur, but there is no official confirmation.—Reuter.

SEVEN DAYS' SHELLING.

A message from Chifu states that Port Arthur has been subjected to an incessant bombardment for the past seven days.

The Japanese commander has made a statement declaring that there are only 30,000 men in the place, including marines.

All the western portions of the town have been destroyed, and many shells sent into the town are known to have struck several of the ships of the fleet.

JAPANESE SEIZE FORTS.

PARIS, Saturday.

The "Journal" publishes the following from St. Petersburg:—

"A private message reports that the forts at Port Arthur are in the hands of the Japanese, and that the Russians have blown up three of their ships, the rest of the fleet having been able to gain the sea."—Reuter.

RUSSIAN FLEET TO DASH OUT.

NAGASAKI, Saturday.

Naval experts believe that the Russians are working hard to clear the entrance to Port Arthur with the intention of making their escape.

The effective fleet is estimated at 18 large and small vessels, besides 17 destroyers.—Reuter.

RETREAT ORDERED.

Strong Position at Liao-Yang Evacuated by the Russians.

PARIS, Sunday.

A dispatch to the "Petit Parisien" from St. Petersburg states that General Kuropatkin has removed his headquarters to Mukden, thus indicating a general retirement of the Russian forces.

The "Echo de Paris" publishes a telegram confirming the evacuation of Liao-yang, and stating that the movement was unexpected, as the position was considered to be secure.

The same message denies the reported retreat of the Russians to Harbin, and adds that exceptionally hot weather prevails in Manchuria.

RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS.

PARIS, Sunday.

The "Echo de Paris" publishes the following from its St. Petersburg correspondent:—

"The rumours that General Kuropatkin is falling back on Harbin are devoid of foundation. The railway will be completely repaired to-day as far as Vafandin, and this does not seem to bear out the story of a retreat."

Reinforcements now en route will soon materially change the situation and enable General Kuropatkin to move freely. At least twelve trains with reinforcements and war material are arriving daily at Liao-yang.

General Kuropatkin's main army is still at Feng-huang-cheng. Russian outposts cover his right flank about Sai-ma-tse, extending eastward. These are in constant touch with the enemy.—Reuter's Special Service.

KUROKI'S SECRECY.

GENERAL KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS,

via Fusan, Sunday.

The present is another period of preparation. The most interesting news cannot be telegraphed because it would furnish clues to future movements.

General Kuropatkin is continuing the policy of secrecy which proved so successful before crossing the Yalu.—Reuter's Special Service.

KUROKI'S ADVANCE.

From Mukden it is stated that a Japanese column of 25,000 men is marching from Sai-ma-tse in the direction of Mukden.

A second Japanese column on the left flank is marching upon Liao-yang, a third is advancing from Wayangko upon Hai-cheng.

A fourth is marching via Siu-yen upon Hai-cheng, while a fifth column on the extreme left is marching upon Kaiping.

Japan is said to have purchased Lake's submarine Protector, and it has already been shipped from America to the Far East.

MOTOR TURNS TURTLE.

Serious Collision in the Dark on Blackheath.

While a few belated people were proceeding over Blackheath on Saturday night, their attention was attracted by the violent hooting of a motor-car, accompanied by the startled cries of its occupants.

Immediately after there was a loud crash, and the car collided with a pair-horse van, swiftly turned turtle, and threw its five passengers into a gulf of darkness.

The driver of the van whipped up his horses and disappeared in the darkness.

When the spectators reached the spot it was seen that the five men were badly injured.

Mr. Wilton, of 32, Derrymead-gardens, Lewisham, had his right thigh and arm badly cut; Mr. Mackrell had injuries to the right arm and left knee; Mr. Spencey was cut about the head and shoulder; Mr. R. Icke received many bruises through having fallen under the car; and Mr. Frank Stephenson sustained a series of cuts in different parts of the body.

The car was almost a wreck, and it will cost at least £200 to repair it.

In conversation with a *Mirror* representative, Mr. Wilton said the driver of the van was wholly to blame for the accident, as he was on the wrong side of the road, and remained there, in spite of the car hooting and the occupants shouting, until the accident happened.

All the vanman left behind was a part of a wheel, which is now in the possession of the police.

The accident proves that vans, as well as motor-cars, should be numbered.

GLORYING IN REGICIDE.

BELGRADE, Saturday.

Contrary to expectation, the requiem mass celebrated at St. Mark's Chapel here to-day for the late King Alexander and Queen Draga passed off without any demonstration.

The chapel was filled with mourners, among whom a few young officers were seen. Many of the ladies wept. All the tombs were covered with flowers. The regicide newspapers to-day appeared with coloured borders, and contained articles glorifying last year's deeds.—Reuter.

DOWIE'S INSULT TO HIS MAJESTY.

Impudent Utterances by the Prophet in His Tabernacle.

AN AROGANT BOASTER.

Dowie, the religious fakir, has arrived in London, and has at once commenced his "crusade." At his meeting yesterday morning he insulted the King, called the Kaiser to book, announced a campaign against Freemasonry, and imputed motives and low cunning to the Archbishop.

At his afternoon meeting he made no attempt to moderate his language.

There are many other things on his programme for the conversion of England, but the scurrilous abuse of high personages and famous institutions are the attractive dishes prepared by him for those deluded zealots who hand over to his own personal use the tenth part of their income.

When the "Profit" arrived from the Continent on Saturday morning, a party of ladies, members of the "Christian Catholic Church," holding bunches of white flowers, formed up in line on the platform to welcome him to England.

His sole companion was a delicate and beautiful girl of some nineteen summers, clad in a blue gown and wearing a white feathery boa. Mrs. Dowie and the son, Dr. Gladstone Dowie, affectionately greeted the "Profit" when he stepped from the train.

The "Profit" dispensed nods of recognition to some, handshakes with others, and then the party dispersed.

AN OUTCAST IN HOTELDOM.

The difficulty of housing the "Profit" in one of the fashionable hotels had not been overcome. The Hotel Russell's delicate refusal to give him a suite of rooms was followed by other hotel managers, and Dowie and his baggage, after the West End had been canvassed in a cab by the "Profit," were dumped down in the tabernacle in the Euston-road—the headquarters of his London followers. A council of war was immediately held, and then and there it was decided that the overseer of the church for the United Kingdom, the Rev. H. E. Cantel, should take the "Profit" to his house in Hillfield Park, Muswell Hill.

At night Dowie had returned to town with his lieutenant. The lady of the house told a *Mirror* representative that "Mr. Cantel and 'Dr.' Dowie are at the Cecil. Mr. Cantel will return, if you like to wait."

The Cecil management, in denying the statement yesterday morning that Dowie is living at the hotel, stated, "He was here last night, but he did not stay." One incident makes the mystery of Dowie's domicile more curious. The cabman who drove him to the Zion Tabernacle for the first service yesterday morning said:—

"I took the fare up at the Strand entrance of the Cecil." The luggage—some said it was the deed box and money chest of Zion City—consisted of a box, labelled "Sterne." This was taken from the vehicle, and when the Zion guards lifted it down and carried it to the sacred shrine of the Dowieites the mob hissed.

SCENES AT THE TABERNACLE.

Early yesterday morning crowds began to congregate in the vicinity of the Zion Tabernacle, eager to catch a glimpse of the head of the so-called Christian Catholic Church in Zion. The police literally bristled on the footpath, prepared to put down any disturbances that might arise, and plain clothes officers mingled with the spectators. Cripples and blind men thronged the passage from the road to the freshly-painted green gates of the London headquarters. The Zion guard mounted tiers of steps that none were allowed to approach unless in possession of a ticket of admission signed by officials.

At 10.20 the "Profit" drove up. Sixteen stalwart guards appeared dressed in blue tunics, trousers of military cut, with a broad white band on the sides, and wearing ammunition pouches containing Bibles.

A SPY ON THE ROOF.

An open window in the rear of the Tabernacle, a ladder's length above the ground, offered an opportunity to the man who was bold enough to risk his neck. One individual did so, and was there the greater part of an hour before the guards discovered him. He was unceremoniously dislodged. At the 10.30 service the proceedings opened with prayer, and 400 members of the congregation knelt while the "Profit," with a voice of low cadence, dramatically displayed his power over his followers.

They wept, groaned, prostrated themselves, and shook their heads in nervous excitement when he lifted up his hands and called upon the Great

Physician to heal the sick and remove disease from those present.

A hymn followed, the choir of forty male and female voices singing in unison.

The choristers present a uniform appearance, black cassocks and lawn surplices being worn by all. The women have, in addition, college caps and neat lace collars.

Then came the first address, delivered in simple Saxon, but marred to English ears by the nasal twang the man affects. The style of the delivery is borrowed from the great Spurgeon.

INTEMPERATE THUNDERING.

Dowie, attired in Bishop's robes and lawn sleeves, with a huge blue hood hanging down his back, faced the platform and punctuated his utterances with his eye-glasses. Denunciation was uttered in every phrase. "The King and priests are worshippers of Baal," he thundered to his audience of 400.

A pause, and the choir clapped. Other topics of everyday interest were touched upon by the self-styled Elijah II., and the Kaiser came in for unmerited abuse.

The Freemasons were assailed and the craft stigmatised as the "hobbed in Europe and America of infidelity." In connection with the Masonic Order, the church of the atom, was associated. "The apostate churches in this country are afraid of One man, and that is Elijah the Second—the Restorer."

In the afternoon the same intemperate language characterised Dowie's utterances. Remarkable that it had been said that he had attacked King Edward, he attacked the atom, and concluded by saying "I will ask all my followers from all parts of the world to take a holiday and meet me here in London. Not this year or next, but say in two or three years' time."

TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"We shall number at least 10,000; and we will take a fortnight to call at every house, every saloon, and say 'Peace be with thee, friend,' our salutation—and we will knock at Buckingham Palace and say the same thing there."

During both morning and afternoon proceedings, the "Profit" drank copious draughts of water—five glasses were emptied at the first service.

The afternoon meeting was attended by a special ordination function of great solemnity, when a lady whose father's name is known throughout the world was admitted to high office.

Special precautions had been made to reject all persons seen taking notes, and immediately after the proceedings commenced Dowie expelled two lady journalists, calling upon one of them by name, and telling her somebody inquired for her at the door.

CAN DOWIE BE CHARGED?

Can Dowie be prosecuted for his reference to the King as a "worshipper of Baal?"

"Yes," said a barrister of the Inner Temple last night, "he certainly can. In my opinion he has been guilty of sedition."

"The test of sedition has been well laid down as follows: 'Has the communication a plain tendency to produce public mischief by perverting the mind of the subject and creating a general dissatisfaction towards Government?'"

"Now, this communication obviously has this tendency, the more so as the King is the official Defender of the Faith."

"It makes no difference whatever that Dowie is not a British subject. Since he is on British soil he is amenable to British law. Under that law he can undoubtedly be prosecuted and punished with fine and imprisonment."

SUNLESS JUNE.

The opening of June promised much, but the month is now more than half past, and the average for June for the last ten years.

Cold and almost sunless weather prevailed during the week-end, and those who had arranged river excursions, picnics, and other outdoor recreations, found themselves chilled in thin suits and flimsy blouses, and regretting the absence of overcoats and wraps.

Towards evening, both on Saturday and yesterday, the temperature was quite low, and people began to rail once more about our fickle climate.

Up the river the scene was most gloomy. Between Kingston and Molesey there were only half as many boats on the water yesterday as there were on the previous Sunday, and there was a general air of depression at other popular resorts.

ANARCHIST SENTENCED.

BARCELONA, Saturday.

The trial of the man Art, who on April 12 last attempted to assassinate Senor Maura, the Spanish Premier, concluded to-day.

A verdict of Guilty was returned, and the prisoner was sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment. Art shouted "Germinal" (the name of M. Zola's novel) on being sentenced. He was immediately driven off to the prison at a gallop, escorted by mounted gendarmes.

MAKING PEACE OVER TEA.

TIENSTIN, June 11.

Not the slightest importance is attached to the recent quarrel among coolies for the Transvaal.

To-day the leaders of the parties concerned are drinking tea together, which is the Chinese method of patching up a misunderstanding.—Reuter.

WIFE WARNED BY A DREAM.

In Sleep She Learns of Her
Husband's Mysterious
Disappearance.

WAKES TO FIND IT TRUE.

The disappearance of Mr. Harold Wilfrid Hornby, professional violinist, of 57, Dunsmure-road, Stamford Hill, is remarkable on account of the musician's wife's warning dream.

A *Mirror* representative yesterday called on Mrs. Hornby, who said, "My husband was a violinist at the Lyric Theatre. He generally got home about 1.30. On Tuesday night I had prepared his supper as usual, and went to bed. Suddenly, I woke, trembling with fear. I felt that something terrible had happened to Harold.

"I looked at the clock, and saw it was only 1.15 a.m., but even this did not calm me, and I rushed down stairs to see if my husband had had his supper. Everything was just as I left it.

"I then roused the house, and although Harold had often been later home, started to search for him, and sent word to the police for help."

Fruitless Search.

But no trace of Mr. Hornby has been found. Though his wife hopes against hope, she fears that the worst has happened.

She has visited every hospital in London in her search, and hundreds of pawnbrokers have had a call from her in her endeavours to trace the watch and chain which were in his possession.

Mrs. Hornby has only been married two years, and her comfortable home was a happy one until Wednesday.

When last seen the missing man was wearing a dark blue lounge suit, a dark grey waterproof, and a cloth-tweed Tilly hat. He is thirty-three years of age, about 5ft. 9in. in height, though he looked less owing to a stoop, and his clean-shaven face and long, dark brown hair gave the impression that he was an actor. His eyes are blue and complexion sallow, and he walks with a slight limp due to rheumatism.

He was somewhat worried in settling what summer engagements he should make. His choice lay between Bexhill, Eastbourne, and Ramsgate, so that it is not improbable that news of him may come from one of these places.

TSAR IN DANGER.

Semi-Official Denial of an Attempt on His Life.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

The report of an attempt on the Tsar's life by means of infernal machines at Tsarkoe Selo is semi-officially declared to be without foundation.—*Reuter*.

It was announced on Saturday that two infernal machines had been discovered in the Tsarkoe Selo Palace, where the Tsar is now residing.

From Berne it is stated that M. Jadowski, the Russian Minister who was shot at on Friday by the man Hinitzki, passed a good night, and the doctors consider him out of danger.

His assailant is said to be not responsible for his actions. He went through the Russo-Turkish campaign, says *Reuter*, and afterwards, with a partner, established a chemical factory at Moscow.

Upon winding-up the business his partner refused to share the profits of 25,000 roubles, and denounced Hinitzki as a Turkish spy and Socialist. He was deported to Siberia, whence he escaped after three and a half years. All his property was confiscated, and he has since been attempting to obtain justice.

AMEER'S STOICISM.

Refuses Chloroform for the Amputation of His Hand.

SIMLA, Friday.

The operation recently performed by Major Bird, the Viceroy's surgeon, on the Ameer's hand, was only just in time to save his arm, and, indeed, his life.

Dr. Bird was most rigorously guarded during his residence in Kabul.

The operation was performed in presence of the principal officers of state.

His Highness refused chloroform, and bore the operation with the utmost fortitude.—*Reuter*.

"DEMONS OF BLOOD."

Gruesome Story of a War Hospital Shambles.

Dr. Samoiloff, who was with the Russian Field Hospital during the battle of Kulencheng, has written a letter to his parents giving an appalling description of his work.

"It was not a hospital," he says, "but a shambles, and after the first hour's work it seemed to us that we were not ministers of mercy but demons of blood, working frantically, recklessly, callous to pain and life.

"The stream of pierced and shattered bodies poured in so fast that we handled them as indifferently as sacks of flour. Are we lucked and saved—for it was not surgery but hurried bungling—I counted the writhing row on the floor, praying that it might get less, but for every one maimed and bandaged man borne to his couch two were carried in and cast on the ground.

"At last my brain, dizzy in a mist of blood, pictured a whole universe of nothing but a string of clotted bodies stretching to infinity.

"Yes, I admit that we were callous. So petrifying to the sensibilities is this hurried work of blood that some of us joked like fiends over our atrocious task.

"The hospital servants who carried out the baskets of amputated limbs buried one another.

"Sometimes the shells fell near our tent, and we wondered if we too would be laid in that eternally-growing row, and whether someone, callous as ourselves, would remove our amputated limbs and speculate as to their ownership.

"What made things worse was the deficiency of anaesthetics and bandages. Before we were half-way through we had torn up our shirts. Luckily more bandages arrived before the end."

AH SING'S HAPPY LOT.

Transvaal Mines Healthier Than Cornish.

Those humanitarians who have been making an outcry against the cruelty of putting Chinese to work in South African mines, where, it is alleged, they will die off like flies, will be considerably disturbed at the Colonial Office return of the rate of mortality in these self-same mines.

The figures show a most striking diminution in the rate of mortality. On May 8 last, Lord Milner telegraphed Transvaal mines have lately shown very satisfactory decrease in death rate.

Notwithstanding an accident, in which forty-three natives were killed, the April death rate—twenty-six per 1,000 per annum—is the lowest yet recorded on the mines, and is over fifty per cent. below the general average for the year 1903, and thirty-eight per cent. lower than the rate for the corresponding month of last year.

While the South African mines are becoming healthier, a Home Office report shows a serious increase in the death-rate among the Cornish miners.

The predisposing cause of the present excessive mortality among metalliferous miners from lung diseases, it is stated, is evidently the inhalation of stone dust, and it is recommended that the use of percussion rock drills in hard stone, without precautions for preventing the dust being inhaled, should be prohibited.

FASHION IN THE PARK.

Brilliant Ascot Sunday Church Parade.

Church parade in Hyde Park on the Sunday of Ascot week is a sight no city in the world can afford, save London.

Yesterday the spectacle was one of unusual brilliance. Never has the throng been remarkable for so many charming women and correctly-dressed men.

Never has it contained so many figures celebrated in society, politics, literature, and art.

At one o'clock it was impossible to obtain a chair. The lucky occupants, many of whom were obviously visitors, clung to them as though hypnotised by the brightness of this human kaleidoscope that shifted so continually before them.

And the setting was worthy of the picture. The necessary touch of colour was supplied to the green lawns and shady trees by the glowing masses of rhododendrons, splashed here and there with judicious lavandula.

Not even a dull, grey sky could detract from the beauty and life of the scene.

CHEAP STRAWBERRIES.

"The best strawberry crop we have had for years," said a prominent Covent Garden salesman on Saturday.

"Reports from the Kent gardens say the berries are large and of good quality. They are very plentiful, too. In a fortnight they will be on the London market. The very best will be sold at 3d. a pound, and later on it will be possible to get excellent fruit for 1d. a pound. That is, except in the West End shops, mind you, for there it is never less than 6d., whatever the price may be in Covent Garden."

PICTURE OF GREAT PRICE.

Gainsborough Sold by Auction for 12,100 Guineas.

A total of over £34,000 was realised at Christie's on Saturday by some hundred and twenty pictures belonging to the late Duke of Cambridge, and more than one-third of the aggregate sum was paid for a single canvas, the beautiful portrait of Maria Walpole, Duchess of Gloucester, by Gainsborough.

Among well-known collectors present were Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. Of course, the Gainsborough was the chief attraction. Its appearance upon the easel was greeted with loud applause and an opening bid of 5,000 guineas from Mr. A. Wertheimer.

The price went up by leaps and bounds until it reached 12,000 guineas, when Mr. Agnew, after some slight hesitation, made a final offer of 100 guineas, which secured him the prize.

The portrait is of a handsome lady, not in the first blush of youth, but whose features and attitude gain in dignity what they possibly lack in graceful charm.

The fine portrait by Romney of H.R.H. Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester was also much and cheerfully admired, and its price of 4,100 guineas (Harris) seems far from excessive. Nor was 1,400 guineas an exaggerated sum to pay for Sir Joshua's portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester, of whom there was another portrait by Hoppner, which fetched 420 guineas, a fourth by Sir William Beechey, sold for only 60 guineas, and yet a fifth by Zoffany, which reached 400 guineas.

Beechey was represented by no fewer than a dozen works, the finest being the portrait of George IV. when Prince of Wales, which was secured for the King by Mr. Davis for 1,600 guineas.

FELLOW OF NO FEELING.

Lost to His Friends at the Workhouse.

Has the man who can neither sleep, feel pain, nor taste already found a market for his undoubted talents?

The question is disturbing the Marylebone Workhouse, where his uncomplaining disposition and his engaging readiness to toil has his hand has endeared him to inmates and officials alike.

When he took his discharge on Saturday morning it was understood that Brown intended to seek relief for his sleeplessness at some neighbouring hospital.

In the circumstances the officials expect to see him again.

Up to a late hour last night, however, the man who laughs at pinpricks had not returned. Nor could any trace of him be found by inquiry at neighbouring hospitals.

He has gone out of the little workhouse world as mysteriously as he entered it.

TIBET'S ONE-MAN FORT.

Wily Trap for the British Which Failed.

GYANTSE, Friday.

At sunset yesterday a solitary Tibetan was seen running from one gun to another firing them off in succession, and the impression began to gain ground in the British camp that the enemy had abandoned the fort, leaving only a single warrior to fire the guns, with a view to deceiving us.

We soon discovered, however, that the enemy was attempting to take us unawares, as at midnight two attempts were made to blow up the Palla outpost. Men carrying bags of gunpowder stole up under the cover of darkness, but the explosions were very feeble, and only dislodged a few bricks. To-day the bombardment was renewed as vigorously as ever, and one Sikh has been severely wounded.—*Reuter's Special Service*.

KING'S VISIT TO ETON.

Their Majesties Will Drive to Ascot in Semi-State.

The King and Queen will arrive at Slough Station from Eastbourne this afternoon. An escort will be provided by the Royal Horse Guards, and Eton College will be reached about 4.30.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will drive from Frogmore, and will arrive at the schoolyard in advance of their Majesties.

The King will receive three addresses and make a brief reply.

After tea with the Provost, he will walk through the College gardens to the state barge, which has been brought from Virginia Water, and has not been used by royalty for generations.

The bank to Romney Lock will be lined by over a thousand boys, and below will be drawn up the flotilla of Eton boats, with the crews in their quaint 4th of June costumes.

Photographs of Eton college appear on page 9.

SERMONS IN WARDS.

Hospital Patients Listen to Sunday Services in Their Beds.

TOUCHING INCIDENTS.

Hospital Sunday was made happier for the patients in six of the London hospitals by the kindly thought of the Electrophone Company, who gave them an opportunity of hearing Divine service without stirring from their beds.

One's near forefathers would have wondered at a suggestion of the modern hospital as a tall tale, but at the idea of a patient lying in his bed and hearing everything that went on in a church two miles away they would have guffawed as at one who told a child's fairy story to men.

Sufferers wasting slowly to death from incurable diseases in the Whitebread Ward, for instance, at the Middlesex Hospital, lay back with the electrophone receivers at their ears, and heard the services at several City churches.

Shutting their eyes they were able by aid of the clear sound to picture themselves within the sacred precincts which they had not expected to enter again.

Followed the Prayers.

They listened to the sonorous reading of the lessons and their faces brightened at familiar texts. Their lips moved, following the prayers.

With rapt attention they drank in the glorious sounds of the anthem at St. Anne's, Soho, or the impassioned words of Canon Fleming's sermon at St. Michael's, Chester-square.

In the board room of the King's Cross Hospital there was a quaint scene. On the great table lay an octagonal board, and from it radiated to all points some sixteen electrophone receivers, like tridents at the end of long covered wires.

A nurse popped in and held her ear to one of them. She listened a moment, and set it down with a sigh, which seemed to mean, "If only I were in the church."

Presently a queer sound outside and then the door swung open to admit a procession, not of directors, but of those to whom for the nonce they had lent their room.

The convalescents came in, wheeled in chairs or hobbling with assistance, robed in the red hospital dressing gowns.

Brink of the Grave.

An old man, whom one would have thought on the brink of the grave, wore a look on his face that, as Mr. Booth, the managing director of the Electrophone Company, said to the *Mirror* representative, was more than compensation to the company for what they were doing.

The old chap seemed ten years younger as he reached out for the receiver, which was to transport him as if by magic into the midst of the service at his favourite church.

In the churches no one knew, no one could see, how this magic was being wrought. If they had been told they would have asked the jury by and lectern a little wooden box about 10in. long, and on the pulpit another of the same size. They were painted to look like a pile of small prayer-books.

As a fact, inside these wooden receptacles were a bunch of metal transmitters the size of five-shilling pieces, which gathered the sound by and sent it along the telephone wires straight to the hospitals, where temporary wires carried it to the wards for the bedridden, or the tables in the board rooms for the convalescents.

FOR SAKE OF THE SICK.

Widow's Mite and the Rich Man's Gold for Hospital Sunday.

Yesterday was Hospital Sunday, and eloquent appeals to the philanthropic were made from the pulpits of most of the churches and chapels in London.

Last year 2,289,578 patients were treated in London hospitals. The total ordinary income received by voluntary hospitals and dispensaries was £1,201,385, including a sum of £339,091 from legacies.

The Lord Mayor, Sir J. T. Ritchie, and the Lady Mayoress, with Sheriff Sir Alfred Reynolds and Lady Reynolds, attended two special services yesterday.

In the morning they went to the City Temple, where the Rev. R. J. Campbell preached, and in the afternoon to St. Paul's Cathedral, where there was a very large congregation.

There has been a generous response to the Lord Mayor's appeal for money, the amounts ranging from a few pence from a poor widow whose life was saved in a hospital, to the £1,000 to be added to the collection at St. Paul's.

It is announced that the Emperor of Korea has determined to construct a new palace of some combustible material. Papier mache has been suggested, and 1,000 Koreans will be employed to chew up the paper.

DEVONSHIRE FARM TRAGEDY.

Discharged Servant Kills His Master and Commits Suicide.

SIX-YEAR-OLD WITNESS.

A terrible double tragedy has occurred at Warcombe Farm, about a mile and a half from Kingsbridge, Devon.

Mr. Herbert Baker had in his employ a youth named Albert Corner, described as of a sulky, morose disposition, who, it is stated, had not been getting on satisfactorily with his master recently. On Friday, it is alleged, the youth Corner attempted to strike Mr. Baker with an iron bar while the latter was engaged in shearing sheep, and in consequence Mr. Baker mistook the Corner leaving his employ on the following evening, when the young man packed his box and removed it from the farmhouse.

Shots Heard.

In the evening Mr. Baker, accompanied by the six-year-old boy of a neighbour, was in a field when shots were heard. The little boy ran back to the house saying that Albert Corner had shot Mr. Baker.

The unfortunate gentleman, who was highly respected in the neighbourhood, was found quite dead with his face completely shot away.

Corner was afterwards found dead under a hedge with a double-barrelled gun at his feet.

MR. POLLARD'S SURPRISE.

Slater Case Witness Tells His Curious Story.

Thomas Pollard, the respondent in the divorce suit which has had such a sensational sequel, was the principal witness called on Saturday at Bow-street, when the hearing of the charge of conspiracy against Slater, Henry, Osborn, and three of Slater's detectives, was resumed.

The witness repeated the story he told in the Divorce Court of how Davies, one of the detectives now in the dock, persuaded him to visit Jersey and of what took place during their stay in the island.

He went on to mention an incident which took place in August, 1903, while he was living with his mother at Plymouth. On the 2nd of that month he received an anonymous letter, and in consequence of what the letter contained he went to the clock tower opposite the Royal Hotel, expecting to see the writer.

He waited there about a quarter of an hour, but nobody came up and spoke to him during that time. He did not know the prisoner Bray (one of the detectives) or Maude Goodman or Louie Ford (two women who gave evidence in the action brought by the King's Proctor) at that time, and if they were there he did not notice them.

Pollard received no notice as to when his wife's divorce petition was coming on for hearing, and the first he knew of its having been heard was by reading about the case in the newspapers.

In December, 1903, he wrote to the King's Proctor. On cross-examination by Mr. Gill, who appears for Osborn, Pollard said that after his marriage he and his wife lived in Bedford-place, and subsequently took one room at a coffee-shop.

Mr. Gill: Did you subsequently go to a temperance hotel in Moorgate-street? That is a thing you might remember—a temperance hotel.—I think we did for one or two days.

Did you take your wife and child at some of these hotels without food?—I may have left them temporarily.

Pollard's cross-examination had not concluded when the hearing was again adjourned.

PLAGUE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

JOHANNESBURG, Saturday.

The plague returns up to date show that twenty-five white persons and 114 coloured persons have contracted the disease, and that twelve white and eighty coloured people have died.—Reuter.

MOTOR-CAR'S TRIUMPHANT VOICE.

Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P. for the Romford Division of Essex, was summoned at Stratford on Saturday for driving a motor-car to the public danger. The case, after a lengthy hearing, was dismissed.

While the next case was in progress the noise of the departing motor-car came from outside, and the chairman of the Bench remarked, amidst the laughter of the Court, "That's the triumphant voice of the car."

BLACKMAILING BOOKMAKERS

Bogus Constable's Bold Scheme of Intimidation.

A bogus constable who, by his cool effrontery, hoodwinked bookmakers and others, was convicted at Southwark Police Court on Saturday. A detective stated that for some time past they had received complaints of some person representing himself as a police-officer and of bookmakers being blackmailed.

The man found guilty of these practices was Frank Drew, aged twenty-four, described as a Rotherhithe stoker. Such was his assurance, that when he was arrested he offered to shake hands with his captor, saying that he was a constable stationed at Clerkenwell. Afterwards he acknowledged that he was not a police officer, stating that he had posed as one at another man's suggestion.

One of Drew's victims was a Bermondsey bookmaker named George Heard. The bogus constable, after accusing Heard, told him he was sent to arrest a naval deserter who had assaulted an officer, adding that he was not specially sent to arrest bookmakers.

As Heard was about to leave him Drew observed, "Are you going like that?" Heard then gave him 5s., thinking that might prevent his being arrested for street betting.

Another attempt at blackmail was made on a pawnbroker, who replied, when Drew stated that he was a police officer sent out to arrest betting men, that it did not affect him. He gave Drew a sovereign out of charity, however, when he told a distressing story of trouble at home.

The magistrate ordered Drew to pay £10 in respect of each case or to go to prison for four months.

BOWLERS IN UNIFORM.

Men of the Maple Leaf on Tour in Great Britain.

"We are not over here to skin the earth," said a member of the Canadian team of bowlers to a *Mirror* representative yesterday. "We have come for the sport of the thing, and on a pleasure tour as well."

The team, which numbers thirty members, starts upon its official tour at the Heathfield green to-day. It is composed entirely of members of the Ontario Bowling Association, and is captained by Mr. Geo. Anderson.

The tour will last until the end of July, including three weeks to be spent in Scotland and a week in Ireland.

At play the members wear a uniform costume of neat navy blue, and a yachting cap with "Canada" emblazoned on it in letters of gold.

They have been practising on the greens at Crystal Palace. The green they describe as one of the best they ever saw, and Dr. W. G. Grace the prince of good sportsmen.

MAGISTRATE'S "GHOST."

Mr. Denman Says He Is Haunted by a Prisoner.

Charged at West London before Mr. Denman with the theft of a six-guinea musical-box, Charles Bleasdale, twenty-two, was stated to have a bad record. He came to the court in the custody of two warders from Worcester Gaol, where he is undergoing a sentence for stealing bicycles.

An officer informed the magistrate that subsequently to the commission of this offence prisoner was sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Lincoln for bicycle thefts, and while in gaol was twice brought up—once at Worcester and once at Marylebone Police Court—on other charges for which he was further sentenced. By next May his terms of imprisonment would have expired.

The clerk having stated prisoner had been already sentenced by his Worship in respect of earlier offences,

Mr. Denman said: "Yes, I can't get rid of the man; he haunts me like a ghost. He was before me at Marylebone, and I committed him to Worcester Gaol, though by what authority I don't know. He seems to be rather in the position of a fox over whose body a whole pack of governors of gaols are quarrelling. Suppose I sentence him now, who has authority after his terms of imprisonment at Worcester have expired to take him to Wormwood Scrub?"

The clerk observed that the gaol authorities could arrange for the change of a prisoner from one gaol to another.

Mr. Denman: This offence was committed long before the first sentence was passed at Lincoln, and I shall pass sentence on him of one day's imprisonment on this charge. That sentence will take place here, so there will be no difficulty.

Fining bookmakers will never stop street-betting, so it is time a properly-licensed place were provided for betting, said the Mayor of Wednesbury when fining a number of bookmakers.

WIFE'S MURDER FUND.

Brazen Confession of a Plot to Get Rid of Her Husband.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.

Boulogne-sur-Seine is in a state of great excitement over the disclosure of sensational details of a wife's plot to make away with her husband.

A shopkeeper, whose business establishment is in the main street of the town, for some time past had noticed that money was disappearing from his till. He suspected one of his shop assistants, whose age is seventeen, and had his room searched. In a trunk he found concealed a sum of about £30.

He asked the youth how this sum had come into his possession, and after some hesitation the clerk said that he was taking care of the money for the shopkeeper's wife. He was keeping the money until Madame had satisfactorily poisoned her husband.

Wife and Lover Arrested.

The husband immediately sent for the police, and a violent scene ensued. The wife when confronted with the police assistant boldly confessed that she had placed stric acid in her husband's food, and had stolen the money so that she should have the wherewithal to run away with her young lover after the husband's death.

In view of this declaration the police magistrate arrested both the wife and the clerk on the charge of theft.

Meanwhile the husband complains that he certainly has been poisoned and that his screams of pain have been heard by the neighbours.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

Guards' Officer to Marry Mrs. Sam Lewis.

On the 20th of next month Mrs. Sam Lewis, the widow of the millionaire money-lender, will take unto herself as husband Lieutenant Montague Hill, of the Scots Guards. Lieutenant Hill is only twenty-seven, and is considerably his intended wife's junior.

Mrs. Lewis has chartered a yacht, and the honeymoon will be spent cruising in the Mediterranean. A large motor-car will be taken on board, so that when the bridal pair land there will be no difficulty in the matter of getting about.

Mrs. Sam Lewis inherited a very large fortune from her husband, and has given enormous sums to various charities. She has founded a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and to all struggling musicians she has ever been a kind friend.

Musician herself, a keen connoisseur of the voice, she rarely misses a night at the opera, and she even attends the musical festivals which are held in the cathedrals in the provinces.

Mrs. Lewis is the sister of Madame Messager, the wife of the French composer, who directs the Covent Garden Opera Company.

Mrs. Lewis is tall, dark, dresses with almost Oriental picturesqueness, and has a marvellous collection of jewellery.

In connection with her forthcoming marriage it is interesting to note that, in memory of her late husband, Mrs. Lewis gave £3,000 for the purchase of a site for, and to build and endow in perpetuity, three cottages for the Regimental Cottage Homes.

A LOVERS' TIFF.

Eight Years' Courtship Ends in a Police Court.

A summons heard at the South-Western Police Court on Saturday provided the sequel to a broken engagement. A man named Henry Laycock, of Wandsworth, was summoned by Ernest Sheppard, of Battersea, for detaining a number of articles belonging to him, including a bedstead.

Sheppard said he bought the things in anticipation of his wedding, and asked Laycock—his prospective father-in-law—to house them for him, as he had no place of his own.

Laycock: He has been engaged to my daughter for eight years, and the two had a tiff. The Magistrate: But you mustn't detain his things.

Laycock: They are not wholly his, for my daughter contributed something towards the cost. Sheppard: She did not. They were bought with my own money.

The daughter was in court, and angrily exclaimed that the articles were as much hers as the man's.

An order was made for the return of the articles or the payment of their value.

CABMAN'S NAUTICAL TERMS.

In a charge of attempted theft from the roof of a four-wheeled cab, heard at Clerkenwell on Saturday, the driver was asked, "Where was the bag put on the cab?"

Amidships, sir.

And where was it when the prisoner had his hand upon it?—It was moved aft, sir.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

Staff-Sergeant's Story of His Sad Home-coming.

WEDDING RING IN PAWN.

While, as staff-sergeant in the Royal Army Medical Corps, George Henry Roberts was serving his country in South Africa during the late war, his wife, he alleges, was acting in a manner which the most forgiving husband could not overlook. Yet, after the painful disillusionment which he experienced upon returning to England, Mr. Roberts did not at once seek a divorce, but decided to give his wife another chance.

But Mrs. Roberts—so her husband's counsel stated to Mr. Justice Barnes on Saturday—did not avail herself of this chance, with the result that Mr. Roberts had no alternative but to ask the Divorce Court to grant him a decree nisi on the ground that his wife had been guilty of misconduct with two men named Santon and Dixon.

In outlining the story of the petitioner's troubles Mr. Glazebrook stated that in 1899, eight years after their wedding, Mr. Roberts, accompanied by his wife, went to South Africa, but on the outbreak of the war Mrs. Roberts, with others, was sent home in compliance with orders.

Mr. Roberts made provision for his wife, and wrote to her regularly, sending her money. He subsequently received information that she was not conducting herself properly, and he wrote to her, but she replied denying such was the case. After a time he received further information, and he sent her £25 to enable her to return to South Africa, but she did not do so.

Heaps of Pawntickets.

On his return he went to Belfast, and there he found his wife in a deplorable condition. There were heaps of pawntickets, but he decided to give her another chance. He got her wedding-ring out of pawn and various other things, but with the result that matters went on as bad as ever, and her conduct became so bad that he had to separate from her, making her ample allowance.

She had, however, instituted a divorce suit against him in the Irish Court, alleging desertion and misconduct, but the petition had been suspended until the result of the present suit was known. Mr. Roberts denied that there was any truth in the respondent's allegations, and, further, he said he was domiciled in England.

The petitioner gave evidence in accordance with Mr. Glazebrook's statement. The co-respondent, Santon, admitted the misconduct alleged, and other witnesses gave evidence as to the allegations against Nixon.

It was found there was no person in attendance on the part of the respondent, and Mr. Justice Barnes directed that the respondent's solicitor should be communicated with, in order that the parties should be present next Tuesday.

ECONOMIES ON TOUR.

A Method by Which Expenses are Reduced.

Some light was thrown on the economies practised by members of travelling theatrical companies in a case heard at Stratford Police Court on Saturday. The complainant was Mabel Pearce, a young woman living at Graydon-road, Leytonstone, who summoned Henry Overton, an actor, in respect of her illegitimate child.

Miss Pearce said that in 1902 she joined the "Mice and Men" company, which was touring the country. Defendant was also a member, and prior to their going to Carlisle asked if she had settled respecting rooms. She said no, and at his suggestion shared a sitting-room.

In reply to the defendant's solicitor, witness said that she had taken a combined bed and sitting-room by herself she would have had to pay 10s. a week; by two persons taking two bedrooms and one sitting-room they would pay 15s. So such arrangements were common in the profession for economy. It was quite usual for actors to share "diggings." The fact that they were about together was not a matter of scandal, but of observation.

Describing himself as "an actor, unfortunately," the defendant denied the accusation, but the Bench thought the case proved, and made an order against him to pay 4s. a week.

On leaving the court Overton loudly protested an injustice had been done.

POLICE TREASURE HUNT.

At Thames Police Court on Saturday a youth named Ernest Allen was remanded, charged with stealing from Crisp-street, Poplar, jewellery worth between £500 and £600.

The prisoner was formerly in the employ of prosecutor, Mr. B. Spriggs. He was arrested trying to pass two rings, and admitted the theft to the police. He added that he buried a portion of the jewellery in Millwall football ground. Digging operations by the police resulted in articles to the value of £200 being recovered.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The King won several prizes for cattle he exhibited at last week's Royal Counties Agricultural Show at Guildford.

On Saturday the Mayor of Stoke Newington formally opened an extension of the public library, which has been erected out of a sum of £4,500 given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

In Richmond Park, on Saturday night, the body of a well-dressed gentleman was discovered. In his clothes were cards bearing the name of F. Fuller, East Sheen. Death is thought to have been caused by heart disease.

MIGHT HAVE TAKEN MORE.

When Thomas Fleming, of Pontefract, was charged with breaking into a house and stealing a revolver and six tablecloths, his solicitor pleaded guilty on behalf of the accused, and asked the Bench to account for the act by a temporary aberration of memory, as the prisoner might have taken articles of much greater value had he liked.

The Bench, however, sentenced Fleming to two months' imprisonment.

NEW LOCK AT TEDDINGTON.

The chairman of the Thames Conservancy on Saturday afternoon declared the new lock at Teddington open for the use of the public. The lock, by far the largest on the river, has been built at a cost of £28,000, and it will take a tug and six barges at one lockage. The old barrage is to be retained solely for the use of pleasure craft.

"LET ME DROWN."

Jessie Quirk, of Ramsey, walked into the sea with one child under her arm, and was putting the other into the water when a policeman effected a rescue.

She then cried, "Let me drown. I would have drowned the two children, but I was the third of us to go." She said she was driven to it by her stepfather's abuse of her little ones. On Saturday last the Bench discharged her with a reprimand.

SAW WIFE AND NIECE DROWN.

The steamer *Inverurie*, of Glasgow, which had been in collision with the steamer *Kate B. Jones*, of Cardiff, off Berling, arrived at Plymouth on Saturday with her stern badly broken and twisted. Captain Tenn, of the *Kate B. Jones*, thinking his vessel was sinking, ordered the boat to be lowered, but in the heavy sea it capsized and four of its occupants were drowned, including the captain's wife and niece. The *Kate B. Jones*, badly damaged below the water-line, made for Lisbon.

CLERGYMAN ASSAULTS RATE COLLECTOR.

Harold Thomas called at the Rev. George Proctor's house, in Ongar, to collect the poor rate, and was fiercely attacked by the reverend gentleman at the door. Amongst other injuries his shoulder was dislocated, and Mr. Proctor had ultimately to be driven off by the neighbours.

The Ongar Bench fined the violent clergyman £3 7s. 6d. on Saturday, and directed the police to keep a watch on his house and report his future conduct.

CHOKED BY A POTATO.

James Codling, a labourer, of Lambeth, returned from work hungry, and upon his wife placing his supper on the table he picked up a new potato and put it hurriedly into his mouth.

A moment later he commenced coughing violently, and, falling off the chair, he died almost immediately.

At the inquest on Saturday it was stated that death was due to suffocation, and a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

MARRIED ON BICYCLES.

Yesterday an unusual sight was witnessed in Kennington. Shortly before eleven o'clock a string of young ladies and gentlemen, attired in light summer costumes, to the number of thirty, were observed cycling in the direction of Kennington-gate.

At the church they all dismounted and entered while a bright couple went through the marriage ceremony. After the wedding the newly-married couple mounted a tandem bicycle, and followed by the others rode away to the breakfast.

G.P.O.'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The General Post Office is conducting a series of experiments in wireless telegraphy in Bushey Park, but not with the Marconi system.

A Post Office field force is at work with a moving telegraph wagon, from which the wireless mast has been erected, the other station being erected at different points in the park, at various distances, the farthest being two miles, for the purpose of experiments under different conditions.

The men in charge of the station say that the experiments have been successful in every way, but they are not allowed to state what system they are using.

A sum of £13,000, equivalent to a rate of fourpence in the pound, has been contributed to the city revenues from the profits of the Nottingham Corporation tramways.

The Local Government Board has authorised the expenditure of a sum not exceeding £63,000 for the building, fitting up, and furnishing of a ship to replace the training ship *Exmouth*, which is stationed in the Thames off Graves.

At Pontypool William Barrett, forty, a district councillor, was on Saturday sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour for embezzling money belonging to a firm of boot manufacturers, for whom he acted as secretary, and in whose employ he had been for twenty-eight years.

OMNIBUS RUNS OVER CYCLISTS.

Two gentlemen were riding their bicycles in opposite directions in the High-street, Borough, on Saturday evening, when they collided and both were thrown heavily to the ground.

Before either of the cyclists could regain their footing the omnibus, with passengers, came along, and the wheels passed over both men. They were conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where they remain in a critical condition.

ELECTROCUTED THROUGH TRESPASSING.

The circumstances surrounding the death of Patrick Flood, who was electrocuted on the Southport Railway, were on Saturday investigated by the West Lancashire coroner.

Evidence was given to the effect that deceased was trespassing and stepped on a live rail, and a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

MYSTERIOUS PIMLICO EXPLOSION.

As the barge Nile was being loaded with refuse at the wharf of the Westminster City Council at Ebury Bridge, Pimlico, on Saturday, two men engaged on the work, named Sydney Lawrence and James Stroud, were suddenly hurled some distance by an explosion which occurred among the rubbish on the boat.

On being picked up by their comrades they were found to be so badly injured that they were at once removed to hospital.

IN THE NAME OF RELIGION.

A number of young men were fined at Liverpool on Saturday for creating a disturbance and assaulting the police and others during a Protestant procession.

For weeks past there has been turmoil in districts where party feeling runs high, windows and doors of Catholics being smashed wholesale. Notwithstanding the large force of police a Catholic house in Essex-street was forcibly entered and the inmates assaulted.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Mary Keeble and Sarah Beardon, mother and daughter, were seen drunk together in Bishops-gate-street. Keeble, said the constable who took them into custody, had a child two years of age, and was holding on to the railings of the Great Eastern Railway. She was more drunk than the other woman. Beardon had a child four years old.

At the Guildhall on Saturday Mr. Alderman Allison said the children appeared to be healthy, very clean, and did their mothers credit. Under these circumstances, he should only impose a nominal penalty of 2s. 6d. on each defendant.

BRAVE WOMAN RESCUES CONSTABLE.

But for the heroic conduct of Mrs. Watson, a Scarborough constable named Temple would probably have been killed on Saturday.

Temple went to separate two drunken navvies named Dixon and Kelly. He attempted to arrest Dixon, when Kelly struck him with a bar of iron, and continued beating him about the head while he was on the ground.

Mrs. Watson rushed from her house and closed with Kelly, and though he struck her with the iron she managed to wrench the weapon from his hand. Help then arrived and the men were arrested.

CONSUMPTION KILLS MANY MINERS.

The terrible prevalence of consumption among Cornish miners was shown in a report made to the Home Secretary, published on Saturday.

The death-rate has been very greatly increased during the last few years among men of from twenty-five to forty-five years, the excess of deaths being entirely due to phthisis and other lung diseases. The great majority of these deaths are attributable to rock-drill work in the Transvaal or elsewhere abroad, but a considerable number are attributable to work in Cornwall. Nearly the whole of the deaths of rock-drill men were due to phthisis, and of the cases examined at least 74 per cent. were tubercular.

The predisposing cause of the present excessive mortality among metalliferous miners from lung disease is evidently the inhalation of stone dust, produced in the drilling of dry holes, in blasting, in handling the ore, and in other ways.

This afternoon at three o'clock Mr. David Bishop will give his only song recital this season at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Cooper, of Hornsey, fell down outside the Arkway Tavern, Highgate, and died before medical help could reach him. At the inquest on Saturday heart disease was found to be the cause.

The American liner *St. Louis* left Southampton on Saturday for New York with nearly 800 emigrants at the £2 fare on board. About thirty foreigners, who sought to obtain steerage passages, were rejected as being unfit.

£1,942 FOR A DRESSING-TABLE.

Closed upon £30,000 was realised by the sale of Mr. Massey Mainwaring's collection, which was closed at Villa's Rooms on Saturday.

Several lots ran into four figures. Marie Antoinette's dressing-table, beautifully inlaid and mounted with ormolu, realised 1,850 guineas; while a Louis XV. commode, one of the finest specimens of Coiffier's work, was bought in at 4,750 guineas.

DONKEY THAT LIKES BEER.

Yarmouth possesses a donkey which has acquired a somewhat remarkable taste for beer.

It is the property of a greengrocery hawker, and may be seen almost any day outside a public-house enjoying a half-pint of beer, which it will drink from pot or jug held by its owner.

Sometimes the donkey gives its owner a hint by stopping at a public-house of its own accord.

TOO NEAR HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

When a man was charged with assaulting his wife at Manchester the following dialogue occurred:—

Magistrate (to the wife): How far do you live from your mother?

Woman: Next door.

Magistrate: Well, it's too near.

REMEMBERS TRAFALGAR.

James McNally has just celebrated his 107th birthday in St. Peter's Home, Lambeth. He worked until he was ninety-five, and by trade is a scaffolder. He lived in the eighteenth, through the nineteenth, and has seen something of the twentieth centuries.

McNally recollects the news of the Battle of Trafalgar and the victory of Wellington at Waterloo.

SOLD POLICEMAN STOLEN GOODS.

James Burns made a mistake which other people think a very funny one.

He accosted a Newcastle policeman who was on plain clothes duty and offered to sell him some smuggled tobacco and also a number of foreign cards. He also produced a gold ring, which he confidentially informed the constable had been stolen.

Burns cannot see the joke himself, for it has led to his getting nine months' hard labour.

TRICKED BY A BOY.

The story of a boy's smart trick was told in the Stockport Police Court when William Dunn, fourteen, was charged with stealing a shilling.

A woman was purchasing articles at a stall when she saw the prisoner, who was acting as though in the employ of the stallholder. She unsuspectingly paid him a shilling for some articles, and the boy slipped away, apparently to obtain change, but he never came back.

He was fined 10s.

GIRL'S STRUGGLE IN COURT.

When Lily Stebbings, of Islington, a girl of eighteen, was charged at the Marylebone Police Court on Saturday with attempting suicide the magistrate said that she evidently wanted watching when she would send her to a home.

But the girl refused to go, and so Mr. Bennett had no alternative but to commit her for trial.

The prisoner then shouted, "I won't, I won't go to a home," and rushing to the far end of the dock, she threw herself to the floor, clutched the dock rails, and screamed violently. The gouter and about six other officers at once went to remove her, but she clung to the rails of the dock and struggled with extraordinary violence.

She was carried down the passage vowing that she would yet "do" for herself.

MARINER WITH TWO WIVES.

Herbert Philip Letchford, a mariner, of Plaistow, was charged at the Thames Court with committing bigamy. The first marriage, it was stated, took place in New Zealand.

The accused said, when arrested, "All right, I expected it would come to this." On the way to the dock, she added, "I won't give you any trouble. I am guilty, and shall be glad when my life is over. I am sorry for the girl. I deserve all I get."

Letchford said he would like to give the police every information to bring the matter to a close. He was remanded for a week.

THE CITY.

Week Ends in a Very Unsatisfactory Manner.

A very unsatisfactory day on the Stock Exchange brought the week to a close on Saturday. As on Saturday there was not much business, and those members who were present were in a waiting mood, so that a good deal of pessimism was expressed, and with the solitary exception of the American market it could not be said that there was a good section in the "House."

Consols and the gilt-edged market as a whole showed weakness owing to less satisfactory money news and talk about the coming Transvaal loan, about which, however, nothing definite seems to be known, and concerning which some doubt was expressed. Consols, indeed, were a little inclined to rally at the finish.

Home Railway securities suffered with Consols, but futures were entirely lacking.

In American Rails there was a distinctly better feeling. Here the wirepullers were at work, and found none too much stock on the market, so that orders sent round by the Consolent gave the section a very firm appearance. With the exception of Intercontinental, Mexican Rails were rather dull; but on the whole the Argentine section kept up fairly well, with very slight concessions at the most.

Foreigners were disposed to be dull on the new news, with the exception, of course, of Japanese, which for the same reason showed firmness.

Meat shares seemed to be falling away, the rally being only short lived.

Paris for once in a way seemed rather disposed to support Kaffirs. This caused a slight rally in the section, a slightly firmer tendency, after being very weak indeed in the earlier part of the morning on the none too satisfactory gold and labour market. The section, however, was, of course, again paid to Westralians. Here the disastrous Boulder Deep circular seemed to shake confidence entirely, and the section was very much in the line of mining shares, though Boulder Deep themselves rallied to 15-16 at the close.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. *Under the use of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the best quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.*

The following are the closing prices for Saturday:

Consols 2½ per cent. 90 90½	Pacific 118 119
"Do Account. 90 90½	Western 124 125
India 5 per cent. 95 96	Mexican First 72 73
London C.C. 3½ per cent. 92 93	Do Second 84 85
Nat. War Loan. 972 98	Rosario Cons'd. 92 93
Transvaal Loan. 98 99	Do Def. 84 85
Argentine 1886 103 103½	Consolidated 112 113
Do Fundg. 103 103½	Gd. Tule. Ord. 14 14½
Brazilian 4 per cent. 87 88	Do 1st Pref. 104 105
Do 5½ per cent. 87 88	Do 2nd 84 85
Chili 1886 87 88	Do 3rd 84 85
Chinese 5 per cent. 87 88	Nitrated Ord. 71 72
Egyptian United 1044 104 104½	Aerated Bread 8 9
Italian 103 103½	Asiatic Ord. 57 58
Japan 5 per cent. 87 88	Costs 90 90½
Do 4 per cent. 76 77	Gas Light Ord. 91 92
Per. Debt. 24 25	Hudson Bay 101 102
Do Pref. 24 25	Ln. Gen. Ord. 110 111
"Portuguese 61 62	"Lipton 118 119
Russian 4 per cent. 87 88	Victoria 167 168
Spanish 4 per cent. 87 88	Sweetwater Auto. 150 151
Turkish 4 per cent. 87 88	Wichita 14 15
Uruguay 5 per cent. 60 61	Welsbach Ord. 7 8
Brignton Def. 121 122	Anglo-French 3 3½
Caledonian Def. 31 32	Ashanti G. F. 2 2½
Central London. 39 40	Assoc. G. M. 3 3½
Chatham Ord. 16 17	Barr. Cons. 2 2½
Do Pref. 90 91	Champ Reef 23 24
Do 2nd Pref. 63 64	Chartered Coal. 14 15
Great Eastern 91 92	Do 2nd 14 15
Gr. Northern Def. 40 41	Consolidated 14 15
Great Central A. 143 144	Cons. Gold S.A. 6 6½
Great Western 141 142	Crown Reef 14 15
Metropolitan 90 91	Do 2nd 14 15
Midland Pref. 70 71	Do 3rd 14 15
Do Def. 62 63	Do 4th 14 15
North British Def. 44 45	Gld'nhus E. 5 5½
North Eastern 140 141	Gold Coast Amt. 7 7½
North Western 123 124	Gold'n Horsehoe 7 7½
South Eastern Def. 57 58	Gr. Blk. Per. New 160 161
South Western Def. 57 58	Gr. Blk. Per. Old 27 28
Do Ord. 103 104	Gr. Fringill 10/ 7 7½
Atchison 72 73	Ivanhoe 7 8
Baltimore 81 82	Kaiser, Con. In. 2 2½
Chesapeake 31 32	Knights 3 3½
Chi. Mil. & S. P. 146 147	Lake View Cons. 11 12
Denver 20 21	May Consolidated 2 2½
Erie Shares 24 25	Meyer & Charl. 5 5½
Do Pref. 60 61	Modderfontein 5 5½
Illinois Cent. 133 134	More Gold 9 9½
Liv'ly and N'ville 111 112 113	Nile Valley 14 15
Missouri 16 17	N. Copper 24 25
Ontario 25 26	Sundystock 1 1½
Norfolk Com. 57 58	Oreogum 1 1½
Pennsylvania 57 58	Oryza Brewster's 3 3½
Reading 24 25	Randfontein 3 3½
Rosario Ord. 23 24	Rio Tinto 10 11
Southern Pacific 23 24	Randfontein 10 11
Union Pacific 87 88	Sons Gwalia 10 11
U.S. Steel Ord. 33 34	St. John's 10 11
Do Pref. 50 51	Waltham 5 5½
Wabash Pref. 33 34	Wassau 10 11
B.A. Gt. South'n 132 133 134	Zambesi Explor. 1 1½

* Ex div.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The "Daily Mirror" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom for 1d. per copy for the convenience of holiday-makers.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1904.

PROMPT ACTION REQUIRED

The question everybody is asking to-day—"Who is Dowie?" The question they will probably be asking to-morrow is—"Where has Dowie gone?"

When, in April last, the self-appointed "Regenerator" spoke disrespectfully of King Edward in Adelaide, he had to leave the Colony of South Australia in great haste. Shall it be said that London is less loyal than her daughter-city?

Yesterday, in the course of one of his parodies of Divine service, this bringer of sacred things into disrepute referred to his Majesty as a "worshipper of Baal." Apart from the cowardliness of attacking a man whose position prevents him from replying, such language is a monstrous insult, which ought not for a moment to be tolerated.

It may be said that Dowie is a creature of no importance; that it would be absurd to put the law in motion against a mere wind-bag; that he can be left to mouth and rant in his hole-and-corner assemblies without danger. We cannot agree with this view.

Dowie, it must be remembered, has gained a great influence over a large number of foolish people. He has, according to his own son's statements, made a vast fortune out of their folly. He has implanted his grotesque doctrines firmly in their feeble minds. If a man like this is allowed to pour out the venom of his spleen against the Sovereign, there is no saying what results may follow.

The folk imposed upon by professors of religion, who grow rich upon the profits of prophetic utterance, are silly enthusiasts capable of any idiosyncrasy when their already weak intellects are still further clouded by violent talk. History shows us many examples of such people being worked up to commit the worst of crimes.

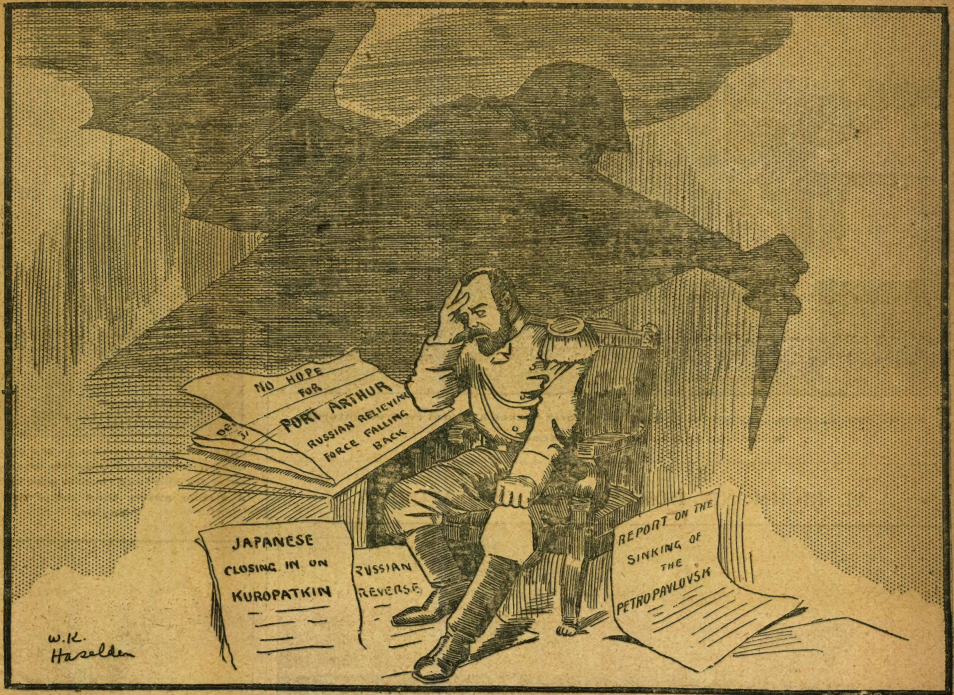
There is, therefore, no time to be lost in making Dowie understand that London is no place for a prophet of his kidney. Steps should be taken at once either to proceed against him, or, at any rate, to give him an official police warning that such offensive references to the King will not be permitted. Even if there is difficulty in checking him on other grounds, he is certainly using language calculated to cause a breach of the peace.

We laugh at the Germans for punishing so severely the offence of *Majestäts-beleidigung* (abuse of the Sovereign). But if we have no law to put in force when the Defender of the Faith in Britain is subjected to scurrilous abuse, we shall ourselves be the laughing-stock of every nation in Europe.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The increase of the power of the clergy is incompatible with the interests of civilisation. If, therefore, any religion adopts as its creed the necessity of such an increase, it becomes the bounden duty of every friend to humanity to do his utmost either to destroy the creed, or, failing in that, to overturn the religion. If pretensions of this sort are an essential part of Christianity, it behoves us at once to make our choice; since no man can be between *obeying our faith* or *sacrificing our liberty*. Fortunately, we are not driven to so hard a strait; we know that these claims are as false in theory as they would be pernicious in practice.—H. T. Buckle, *Historian* (1822-1862).

THE ENEMY WITHIN THE GATES.



Not only has the Tsar to bear the bitterness and humiliation of Russian defeats, but the spectre of assassination is once more threatening him very nearly. Last week two infernal machines were found in the Imperial Palace and removed just in time.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

It is rumoured that the King is extremely annoyed at the sale of the Duke of Cambridge's property and pictures by public auction. The proceeding was certainly not particularly dignified, but the executors must presumably have had cogent reasons for ordering the sale.

This year's Ascot promises to be unusually attractive, if only the weather turns warmer and more summerlike than it has been for a week past. The racing is not expected to be more than moderately good, but what does that matter so long as the elaborate frocks on which fashionable dressmakers have been engaged for weeks past can be seen to proper advantage? The task of dealing with applications for admission to the royal enclosure has been this year heavier than ever. As a witty sporting peer puts it, "People seem to think nowadays that everyone whose father kept a shop or lent money ought to get in without further ado."

No one could expect so medieval-looking an old gentleman as Mr. Holman Hunt, the great painter, to like motor-cars, so his denunciation of them as "hideous boxes" has not caused any surprise. An artist who does not mind spending years over one picture has naturally no desire to get about quickly. Not only does he work slowly, but he frequently begins all over again after months of labour. When he was painting his "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop," a friend used to drop in every morning to see how it was getting on. One morning, after the picture had been on the easel for half a year, this friend was astonished to find there in its place a new canvas. "I'm making a fresh start," said the painter, "that other wouldn't do at all. I burnt it last night."

Mr. Hunt, by the way, had the greatest difficulty in getting models for his famous work, "The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." Naturally he wanted Jewish types, but neither in Jerusalem nor in the East End of London could he induce Jews to pose for a picture that was being painted to honour the founder of Christianity. He had to resort to subterfuge at last, and to say that what he was painting was "an assembly of rabbis."

Among other records which the Lyceum Club means to break is the ladies' club cooking record. This the cynical man will pronounce not to be a very difficult task. When the Lyceum opens its doors opposite the Green Park towards the end of this month, he will be cynical about the food at women's clubs no longer. Old fogeys are terribly perturbed at the idea of the ladies invading Piccadilly. But Miss Constance Smedley, the clever little founder of the Lyceum, was determined that it should have a good address, and, like a woman, she has got her way.

Although Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., is lying ill in Ireland, he still bombards Ministers with daily posers through the agency of the printed question list. He is missed in the House, for, although a man who is perpetually "on the boil" is rather a nuisance, he has never been able to make his fellow M.P.'s quite dislike him—not even by cheering the news of a Boer victory over British troops. "He is a parson's son of three-and-fifty, who ought to know better," was what "Jehu, Junior" said of him when his portrait, in a characteristically wild attitude, appeared in "Vanity Fair." But he never will know better, so the House pardons his obstreperousness and even his bad taste, and regards him one of the few people who, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, are sent to Westminster in order to make it laugh.

The remark of the "Athenæum" in a note on Sir Henry Irving that we are well accustomed to the threatened retirement of leading actors gains point from the announcement that Mr. H. H. Davies is writing a play for Sir Charles Wyndham. It was only the other day that Sir Charles talked about his rapidly approaching "last appearance on any stage." He seems to have changed his mind already, I am glad to see. Mr. Davies is not at all cast down by the failure of "Cynthia" to achieve a long run in London. It came to an end on Saturday night, and Miss Barrymore left at once for San Francisco, where she is due to appear in about a fortnight's time.

America liked it well, and that is good enough for Mr. Davies, who is a very cheerful young man in spite of the solemn look he nearly always wears in his photographs. When he bade good-bye to Miss Barrymore he had messages to send by her to many friends. For it was in San Francisco that Mr. Davies began his career as a playwright. He had been a dramatic critic there for some years, and his first effort was a little sketch, for Mlle. Pilar Morin, who was playing at the Tivoli not long ago. It was, however, a one-act piece produced by the pupils at a dramatic school that launched him on the waters of success. If those amateurs had not produced "Fifty Years Ago" Mr. Davies might still be criticising the plays of others instead of producing his own.

The Russian police may not be all Sherlock Holmes's, but they are pretty thorough in their methods. The other day they arrested an Englishman in Port Arthur because he had been seen speaking to someone they suspected of being a propagandist. Then they arrested everyone who had ever been seen speaking to the Englishman. Finally, they closed the restaurant at which he had last taken a meal. They could hardly have done more short of blowing up the house in which he had lodged, and razing to the ground all the streets in which he was known to have walked.

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

Madame Rejane.

Between thirty and forty years ago a sprightly child was skipping about Paris, living on a few pence a day, while her mother and father were at work in an obscure theatre, and looking forward to becoming a schoolmistress with, some day, a salary of perhaps even £3 a week.

To-day the woman who was that child is one of the world's most famous actresses, can command her own price, has made a large fortune, wears dresses that are the talk of all the capitals of Europe, and owns jewellery that has been given to her by half the royalties of the world.

She had a struggle to get on the stage, too. Her mother opposed it bitterly. She knew too much about theatres. Yet in time even her obstinacy wore out, and Gabrielle Réjau (for that is her real name) had her foot on the ladder of triumph.

She has in her time played every kind of part, and played them all with an unrivalled talent. She is the only actress in the world who can lie on a sofa during a whole act and never allow a suspicion of monotony to enter her audience's mind.

She made her husband's future by inspiring him with some of her own amazing energy. Now they have quarrelled, and spend their time bringing actions against each other. But she has her children, and is the most devoted mother in the world.

When she opens to-night at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, she will be almost as much at home as she is in Paris. She naturally has a fondness for a place where she is so great a favourite, and she has even cemented the entente cordiale by saying that some of our actors and actresses can really act!

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

How Long Have There Been Hospital Sundays, and How Much Money Has Been Collected in This Way?

The first Hospital Sunday was in 1873. That year the sum collected was £27,700. Last year the amount was £24,975. This established a record.

Altogether the hospitals have benefited to the extent of close upon a million and a quarter sterling in the thirty years of the Hospital Sunday Fund's existence.

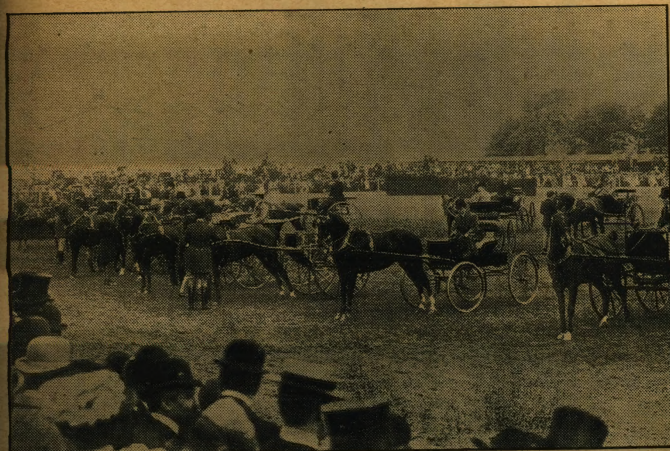
At the United States Embassy nothing is known of the report that Mr. Choate, the U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, will be the first choice of President Roosevelt for the Attorney-Generalship. It is not considered likely, in view of the proximity of the Presidential election, that an appointment would be made necessitating a new Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

HURST PARK ON SATURDAY.



Sir William Ingram's Cottager winning the Victoria Stakes at Hurst Park on Saturday. St. Emilion and Alderman are second and third.

AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW ON SATURDAY.



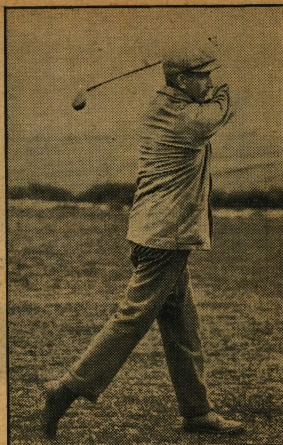
Single harness horse class in the ring at the Richmond Horse Show on Saturday. The show is a very popular one, as it always brings together the finest collection of horses of every class from all parts of the kingdom.

THE NEW WOMAN'S CLUB.



The latest woman's club, the "Lyceum," in Piccadilly, which is to be opened on Friday next. Numbers of Parisiennes are joining the club.

NEW GOLF CHAMPION.



Jack White, the winner of the open golf championship at Sandwich, driving. His total for the four rounds was 296, only a stroke better than Braid and J. H. Taylor.



James Braid, who tied with J. H. Taylor for second place in the open golf championship, putting at the tenth hole.

SATURDAY



The start for the 600 yards invitation Bridge on Saturday. The race was won by an old horse.

COLONEL GORDON, THE ENEMY



Colonel Gordon, the British officer who was arrested as a spy and kept in prison in France for eighteen days, photographed with the "Mirror" representative on his release. Colonel Gordon, who is seventy years of age, is on the left of the photograph.

AFTER THE GREAT FRENCH FLOODS.



GENDARMES SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD.

Marmiers, the French town near Paris, has been terribly damaged by floods following a sudden and heavy down-pour of rain. The little River Dive, which flows through the lower part of the town, suddenly became a rushing torrent, and in its headlong course carried everything before it. Over twenty people lost their lives. The material damage is estimated at £40,000.



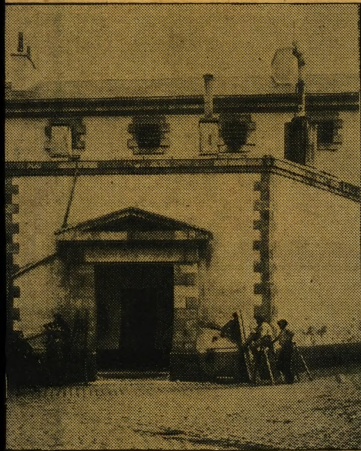
THE DAMAGE IN THE RUE DE FORT.

SPORTS.



at the Civil Service Sports at Stamford
W. Workman, of the Royal Naval College,
Edge Blue.

SHMAN ARRESTED AS A SPY.



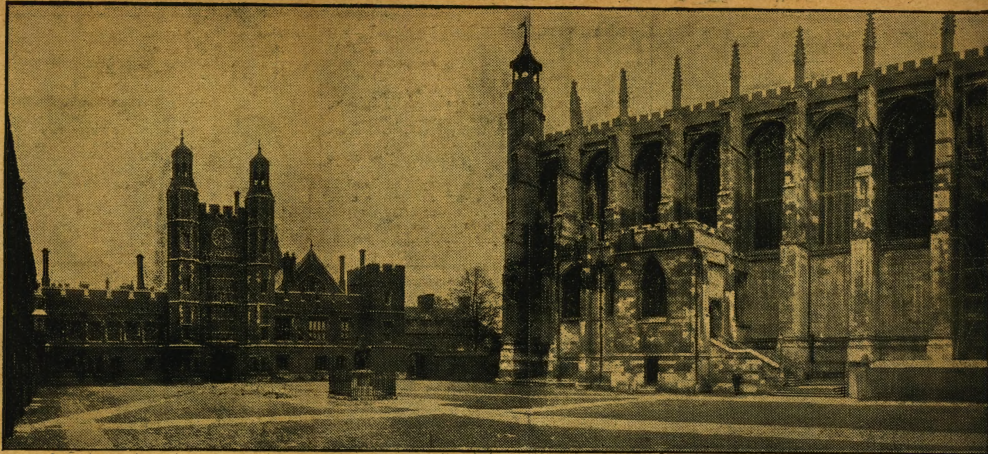
ison, where Colonel Gordon was confined and
place he had to pay the railway fare of both
and his guards. He was at first confined in a
cell, with several prisoners of the lowest type.
men are barricading the prison against an
expected attack by strikers.

HAPPY SUNNY MARGATE.

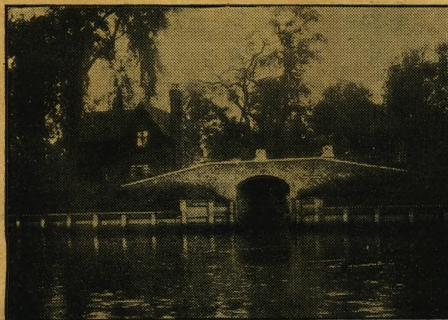


ry little paddlers on the sands at Margate on Satur-
day.—(Photograph by Calcott.)

THE KING'S STATE VISIT TO ETON TO-DAY.



Eton College, showing the Chapel to the right of the picture and the College Hall to the left. The King and Queen make a state visit to the college to-day. They will drive to the college from Windsor Castle, and, after tea, they will return on board the old royal barge, rowed by the royal watermen in their quaint old-world liveries.



The King's boat-house at Windsor, where he will dis-
embark on his return from Eton College by the state
barge.—(Photograph by Calcott.)



Eton College, as the King will see it to-day from the river
when he leaves on board the state barge.—(Photograph
by Calcott.)

HOW RUSSIA'S LONELY SENTINELS GUARD HER RAILWAY.



A unique photograph showing how Russia's lonely sentinels guard the slender thread of railway which connects her with her Army in the Far East. The white cross indicates the position of the sentinel, whose duty it is to guard the tunnel from the incursions of hostile Manchurian brigands and the cleverly-planned attacks of Japanese secret service agents.—(Photograph by the Charles Urban Trading Company.)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

PALACES OF PAIN.

WOMEN WHO WORK AS MINISTERING ANGELS.

Yesterday was Hospital Sunday. To-day and during the week those who were unable to present their offerings yesterday in church will be sending them to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House or to their parish priest. The annual collection in the hospitals an occasion of great solicitude, for no one realises more thoroughly

changes to be made in medicine or diet on several of the patients' boards. The students keep dropping in, and each one proceeds, with the assistance of a nurse, to do the dressings of his "case" or "cases."

Before noon the dressings are generally finished, and boxes, instruments, bowls, and syringes are put away. Knives and forks, bread, and drinks are then taken round and placed on each patient's locker, and two nurses from each ward go off to first dinner at twelve o'clock.

The patients' dinners are brought at 12.30 in large tin cases, with four or five divisions in each, from the hospital kitchen. Sister helps the diners, constantly referring to her diet sheet hanging on the wall before her. Some of the patients

medicines and stimulants. Some of the patients go to sleep, others read or talk, and we scrub and disinfect our hands and cut dressings, pad splints and crutches, make bandages, and so forth. One nurse goes off duty at two o'clock for her half-day. I go at three for two hours, whilst the two staying on prepare and give the patients their tea, and then take their own. We have tea at 4.30, generally varied by a pot of jam or some Bath buns of our own, which we share with friends.

We go on duty again at five o'clock, clear out the tea-cups and plates, make the beds (about thirty in each ward), take temperatures, pulses, respirations, and enter them in the temperature book, clear the centre tables of flowers, plants, etc., scrub out cupboards, clean windows and bed-tops,

part of the cap is all plain muslin, and the wings are of embroidery.

Even the little ones are participating this summer in the prevalent vogue for the early Victorian modes, which fact is plainly observable in the two hats that grace the picture. Nothing can be more quaint than the Leghorn one of a warm corn-coloured shade, with a wreath of sulphur marguerites round the edge of the brim and straw-yellow crown-sash and strings, unless, indeed, it is the mushroom model in the same strip of sketches, a cotton hat with goffered frillings of lawn and strings to match, and below a crown of pink roses.

The bairn in the delicate lace cap is a fascinating little person. White Valenciennes is used for the



Two charming little bonnets and a couple of quaint and pretty hats for little girls to wear during the summer.

than the devoted women who nurse therein what a good year or a bad year means in the palaces of pain of the metropolis.

A nurse's life is very full; very sad in some ways, yet in essence all hopefulness and cheeriness. Read the story of a single day, one among three hundred and sixty-five, and realise the truth of the assertion that the ministering angels of the hospitals must needs be sturdy, splendid creatures to support the demands of their career:—

The Long Day Begins.

6 a.m.—Am awakened by a loud knock at the door, and a bright flash of gas-light suddenly turned on. The door is shut with a bang, and the sound of clattering feet dies away in the distance of downstairs regions as I calmly resolve to keep my eyes shut for at least fifteen minutes longer. No such luck, however. A voice from the other side of the room exclaims: "Well, if we intend being down in time for prayers, I suppose we might as well be making a move!" So for the next half-hour we move as quickly as possible, and manage to be taking a glance at the reflections of our caps and the bows under our chins just as the prayer-bell rings out sharply.

We run downstairs and enter the breakfast-room, to find Sister at the head of the centre table, with smiling, observant eyes, and her prayer-book open beside her. Prayers begin as the half-hour chimes, and occupy about eight minutes, breakfast from ten to twenty-more, and once in the wards cuffs are taken off and the work of the day begins in earnest.

Getting the Patients Ready.

The ward breakfast has been partaken of long ago. The patients are now washed (with the assistance of the night-nurses, who do not go off duty until 8 a.m.), beds are made, brasses and inkstands polished, tablecloths put on, plants arranged, and the ward dusted and made to look bright and cheerful. The lunches—which consist for the most part of bread and butter, milk (hot and cold), arrowroot, beef-tea, and boiled bread and milk—are prepared and brought in at nine o'clock.

Sister comes down the ward. "Don't give No. 15 any lunch, nurse," she says; "he's going to be taken over to the theatre for his operation at half-past one, and will want four ounces of beef essence at eleven o'clock."

Preparing for the Doctors.

We now place a numbered box of dressings beside each bed of the same number, boil the scissors, needles, and other small instruments required for dressing the wounds, and, after seeing that everything is in readiness, go over to our rooms to dress.

With clean aprons, caps, and cuffs on we return, partake of tea and bread and butter in the ward kitchen, arrange any flowers that have come by post, and the house surgeon arrives and walks round the ward with Sister, writing down slight

have chicken, others mutton, beef, rabbit, or oysters, also rice puddings, stewed fruit, and so on.

After partaking of our meal, which is of the plain and wholesome type, we either read, talk, or write letters in pencil, until the clock strikes the half-hour, when the assistant matron's chair



is pushed back, and we rise and say grace, and then cross the square in various directions back to our respective wards, which we sweep and dust. Sister having gone round in the meantime with the

wash the plants, prepare and take round suppers (which are the same as the morning lunches), put any patients to bed who are going about on crutches or in wheel-chairs, clear up and leave everything in perfect order for the night.

The supper bell rings at nine, and after that we have music, read, write letters, or re-write lecture until ten o'clock, when the lights in the sitting-rooms are put out, and we all retire to our rooms, in which we have occasionally been known to have a coffee party; but a wholesome fear of consequences and want of space alike forbid my describing one of these orgies, in which smart dressing gowns are not one of the least important features!

JUVENILE MILLINERY.

THE QUAINLY PICTURESQUE MUSHROOM MODEL.

It is becoming more and more general to allow the little ones to go bareheaded in the garden, and the hygienists say that so long as the sun is not strong enough to give them headaches, and sometimes sunstroke, plenty of air is an excellent hardener for them, and helps them to become as strong as wood nymphs and water babies.

In any case, the lighter of weight the headgear is the better. This summer Panamas and canvas garden hats abound, trimmed with sashes of soft taffetas, pale blue or pink in colour, for the girls, while the boys are given a more masculine-looking embellishment composed of a narrow, dark blue ribbon, to which sometimes is added a gay pom-pom or two. Why are little men and pom-poms inseparable? Certainly, perhaps because custom wills it so, they suit their millinery far better than sash ribbon does.

A very charming modification of the Dutch bon-

A smart Ascot Sunday gown, seen in Hyde Park, made of ashes of roses taffetas with deep folds under the full skirt and a gauged bodice with three-quarter sleeves.

net is a favourite form of headgear for a small maid; whose dress it should match. One of white embroidered muslin is a lovely choice, with turned-back wings in front edged with lace. The mob

mob part, and a quilling of rose-pink ribbon is posed across the front, matched by waterfall frills at the side, in addition to which there is a knot of white roses for a jaunty little finish.

If Your Hotel Serves

Grape-Nuts

"Punky"

Send It Back to be served fresh from the packet.

Servants frequently leave the food in an open dish where it absorbs moisture from the air.

This does not hurt it a particle, but detracts from the pleasing crispness that many enjoy.

A moment in the oven will restore it.

Insist upon good rich cream with your Grape-Nuts.

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hues, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when worn. Deliciously perfumed. Cools and cleanses. Bottles or tubes 1s. Send 2s. stamps for two samples (different scents).—Icilmia (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-ct., London, W.C.

YOU CAN BEGIN THIS STORY TO-DAY.

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

FOR NEW READERS.

Beatrice Chevenix, the only daughter of the Prime Minister, has engaged herself to John Heron, a rising politician, who has made a fortune in the Colonies. Her father at first raises no objection, although he is well aware that there is some mystery about Heron's birth.

When, however, he discovers (while he is staying with his prospective son-in-law at his house on Dartmoor) that an old convict who has escaped from Princetown, and taken shelter in Heron's grounds, is Heron's father, he thinks it time to interfere. He sympathises with the poor wretch enough to be willing to let him escape, and he is not even angry when he finds out that Beatrice has helped the fugitive to escape the warders who are on his track.

But he cannot any longer allow his daughter to be engaged to a convict's son. "What must be, must be," he says. "Beatrice, give Mr. Heron back his ring."

At first the girl demurs. She loves John Heron, and will keep her promise to him whatever happens. Yet even her love cannot withstand the shock of contact with her lover's father, and she faints away.

When Heron has carried to her room and left her with her father he finds that the old man has disappeared—gone he knows not where.

CHAPTER XI.

A Withered Rose.

"He's gone—to what?" John Heron woke up repeating the words to himself, rubbing his eyes that were dazzled by the blaze of sunshine flooding his room.

Where had his father gone, and to meet what fate? Heron stretched himself wearily as he asked the question; he felt fabled, worn out, dispirited.

Years ago, when he had roughed it in New Zealand, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, gripped by poverty, fighting an uphill battle to obtain the mere necessities of life, he had never felt as he felt now. The courage of youth had animated and sustained him then, and he had faced life in the spirit of a conqueror, but now the burden of another man's sin lay heavy on his shoulders, the shadow of his father's shame lay blackly athwart his path.

He had no doubt that Philip Denzil was his father, no doubt at all. The Premier had been right in saying that the man was lying when he stood up and denied his paternity in a futile and vain attempt to undo the mischief he had done; yes, the man had lied!

And where was he now? Had he fallen into the hands of the warders? Was he once more caged in Princetown? Heron shuddered at the thought. Possibly he had taken refuge in one of the burrows on the moor, and the home that had sheltered primitive man had become an ark of refuge. He might, on the other hand, have lost his way either accidentally or by design, and have been sucked down into one of the treacherous bog-holes that made certain parts of the moor veritable quicksands of death.

Heron remembered how he had seen one of the moor ponies meet such a fate on Hilden Mire. The poor brute had ventured on the green surface, realising no danger, and had then suddenly begun to stagger and sink. But his kicking and plunging had availed little, the black, oozy mud had sucked down the living prey, the pony had uttered one death shriek of agony, and had gone down, down, whirling, struggling, plunging. The sight had made the onlooker feel sick, and now perhaps his father had met the same fate.

Heron sprang up; he needed a cold plunge to brace his nerves. Had the sea been any where within reach he would have gone out for a long, fierce swim. He loved the sea, and he felt that the salt breath of the wind might have quickened hope within him. He was athirst for the foam, he wanted to run his hands through the deep white manes of the sea-horses, to dive through the wonderful green depths of a furrowless field.

He dressed quickly, wondering the while what

the day's work would bring him. He had a sure and certain consciousness that Beatrice would decide to break off her engagement, and he could not blame her. She had been transported out of herself during the time he held her in his arms, and she had defied the world for love's sake, a very godsend of passion! But how her mood had changed when his father crept into the room, bending his shamed head, cringing like a poor, beaten animal. He had noticed the glance she cast at her own father, as if to entreat his pardon for loving the other man's son; he had marked the look of revulsion and disgust that had come over her face when the convict touched her gown, even though his head had once rested on her breast.

She was a distinctly proud woman, and she came of one of the proudest stocks in England. It was easy enough to understand how she had been carried away first of all by pity and emotion, hardly realising things as they were. But now that the wild drama of the thing was over, and the glamour of its perilous excitement had evaporated, she would see things in a different light. What had been tragic would become sordid, the hunted, desperate man would sink to the level of the convict who had broken bonds, and she would think more of his offence than of his misery—surely such a state of things was inevitable.

John Heron made up his mind to offer the girl her freedom and not to take advantage of what she had said during moments of tremendous agitation. If she still decided to marry him, then no human being on God's earth should be able to part them, at least so he promised himself, and he would so order his life and fight his way that Beatrice should never regret she had married a convict's son.

It still wanted half an hour to breakfast, and he decided to go out for a stroll in the garden. Let the fresh air blow away the cobwebs from his brain, and the vigorous stinging of the north wind cleanse his tired soul. He was sick at heart, and the father who had wandered out of his life as suddenly as he had wandered into it. It takes a good deal to break the blood-bond, and he yearned after his father, even though he knew him for what he was—a weakling and, in the past, a thief.

It was pleasant in the garden, a chill, invigorating breeze blew straight from the moor, and Heron, who was fond of nature, noticed how the honeybees and drone flies still swarmed upon the ivy blossom draping one side of the red-brick wall. Yet, as he wandered further down the narrow path, he fell into a mood of deep depression and dejection.

Autumn reigned in the garden, chilling the flowers, and it seemed as if the breath of winter blew across his heart. He was alone, pacing moodily past the graves of the roses; all at once a pungent odour of a rosemary bush smelt his nostrils, and he broke off a spray restlessly, muttering as he did so, "Rosemary for remembrance"; then he became aware that Beatrice was walking down the path.

She looked tired and white, but that was little to be wondered at. He also noticed with some commotion that her proud head drooped and that she had lost her gay, lightsome footstep, and all this was his work—his.

He advanced rapidly to meet her, and yet he dreaded the interview, for he had an instinctive presentiment of what she was going to say. Yet her first words were so well attuned for a lover's ear.

"I saw you from my window, John, and I came out to meet you"; there she paused and looked at him with troubled eyes, adding, in low tones, "you have no news to tell me, I suppose. Father told me that he had gone."

"No news at all," John Heron shook his head, and then he took her hand in his, stroking it softly, and between the pauses in his speech, raising it to his lips, said: "You are tired, dear, and should be resting, and I—God forgive me—it is I who have brought all this trouble on you."

"Hush," she disengaged her hand and moved a little away from him, her expression, however, telling him what was coming. He braced himself to meet it like a man. "Would you always think hardly of me?" she went on, in trembling tones, "if I decided that, after all, it would be better, perhaps, if we parted."

He said nothing for the space of a heart beat, but stood gazing at her, trying to take in the full meaning of her words. She wore a white cloth frock, and had some sort of feather bow hanging over her shoulders, and he noticed the vivid blue of her turquoise ear-rings and her turquoise belt. Then a spasm of fear drove the blood from his heart—his ring, she was not wearing his ring!

Beatrice followed the direction of her lover's eyes, and her pale face flushed scarlet, whilst she stirred a pile of drift leaves with her foot, and began to talk in a low voice.

"I had a long talk with my father after you left us, John, and he made me realise my true worldly self. I'm not the woman you believe me to be, I'm a hard, selfish sort of person—cold, ambitious, calculating, I am afraid."

"Are you?" he asked gently; "somehow I doubt it, Tris."

"I must be," she replied bitterly, "or I wouldn't give you up now, just when you need me most."

Oh, John, you don't know how I hate and despise myself, or how I love you." Tears were in her eyes, and she hid her burning face, offering them freely to his grasp; a woman at war with herself.

He did not take them, though he realised that if he chose to draw the girl to his breast and kiss her trembling lips, passion would probably do his pleading for him, and Beatrice Chevenix might yet be his wife. Yes, it lay in his power to bind her to him with the silken web of love. He was stronger than she was, and his love, all powerful and compelling, would conquer her barricade of worldliness, that is, if he cared to appeal to those passions in her nature of which she was almost ignorant, and whose force she only dimly realised.

How lightly Robert Chevenix's code of maxims would weigh against his kiss, or the dictates of friendly prudence, against the voice of love. And yet he hesitated, trying to forget himself, and to think only of the woman's best chance of happiness. The mere fact of her fate being in his hands, and her destiny at his pleasure, excited him to sacrifice.

With a calmness that surprised himself, he accepted the situation. He could only give Beatrice a tarnished name and a skeleton-haunted home.

She deserved a better fate; she was a queen of high estate; his should not be the hand to pull her down.

"You are acting wisely, dear girl," he said slowly, "for, after all, you owe a duty to your father and your father's house. I never expected you to marry me—after what has passed. It didn't seem possible. I had no right to hope it."

"Some women would," she turned her head away as she spoke, and he noticed the bronze glint of a curl that just touched her neck. A sudden inclination won in him to kiss the delicate lips that had spoken.

"You are your father's daughter," he spoke in dull tones, but she fired up passionately, mistaking the spirit in which he had uttered them.

A home thrust, John, but deserved, no doubt. Yes, he was every whit as cold and heartless as my father; I am his true child. Oh, what a world we live in, John, and what mean, ignoble creatures are the sons and daughters of Babylon!" Then she broke off suddenly, wiping her eyes with a flimsy scrap of lace and cambric, and then she went on again.

We will speak to no one as to what has happened. We need not mention that things are over between us; it can all be a secret till I have left Denzil's Folly. Father will make some excuse for our departing to-morrow. We can still always be friends, dear, can't we?" She put her hand gently on his sleeve, and he realised yet again that he could not let her back to her home.

"Lovers once, friends always," he said firmly, biting his mouth as he spoke, for the touch of her hand on his arm agitated him.

She glanced at him wistfully and a little timidly. "You will soon forget me. You are going to be a great man, you know; your political career will absorb your life."

"Yes, the convict's son intends to make his way in the world," he laughed harshly. "Brutus is ambitious."

"And he will succeed," she looked at him proudly. "I feel convinced of that, and your success will be very dear to me," she added softly, and then she gave a little start as the stable clock chimed out the hour. "Ten o'clock—they will all be at breakfast; we must hurry back." She turned to him quickly. "Say you forgive me, John, and—are my eyes red?"

She hurried question raised on his nerves. That she could think of her appearance in such a moment irritated him; yet the irony of the whole thing made him shiver with wild, uncontrolled laughter.

"Get you to your glass and your powder puff," he cried, half savagely, "and take my forgiveness for all it is worth. Go to your room, and wash the pain and caught hold of a small standard room, snapping it in half with brutal force, whilst the few pale roses left on the branches fluttered away in petals.

"Why do you do that?" asked Beatrice, and yet her eyes glowed as though the action appealed to her in some curious fashion, and as if she understood the spirit that prompted it.

"Because I have done with roses for ever," he answered sternly, "they only bloom to wither—poor, perfumed, drooping flowers—not worth the pain of their thorns." He walked away in the direction of the house as he spoke.

Beatrice bent head down and gathered up a handful of the strewn petals, putting them in the bosom of her dress.

CHAPTER XII.

The Tempter Death.

It was very lonely on the moor, and after a time the silence began to get on Philip Denzil's overcharged nerves. He had found his way—how he knew not, and was never afterwards able to remember—to Deadman's Wood, escaping the warders, who still watched the roads, and the swamps, who sucked the unwary down to their deaths.

He was worn out with mental and bodily fatigue; his limbs ached, and so did his heart; but he was hardly conscious of pain. He hit his hand against one of the stunted oak-trees, breaking the skin badly, yet it needed the slow drip of blood down the wounded member to make him realise that he was hurt.

Some instinct of self-preservation forced him to conceal himself in a deep chasm, fringed with fern. He had been looking in a similar one when he had first come across his son and Beatrice, and he tried to recall details of that first meeting, but it seemed to have happened years ago, and to have become blurred and indistinct.

After a while the sun came out, flooding the moor with splendour, and warming the earth. Denzil was glad to get warm, for he had begun to feel very cold, and his limbs were stiff and cramped. He was also hungry and thirsty. A little rain-water had collected in one of the hollow crevices in the block of granite, and he lapped it up like a dog. Then he remembered drearily that he had stuffed some bread and meat in the pocket of the coat he had thrown before he left the tool-house, so he began to eat with half-savage haste, wondering where his next meal would come from, and how he could obtain it.

There were berries and blackberries ripe for picking on the moor; these must form his food. Later on perhaps he would gain courage to start on the tramp; he might rob a hen-house at night, for, after all, a man must live.

When he had fed and been thoroughly warmed by the sunshine a feeling of pure animal satisfaction came over the man, and he ceased to think and wonder. He did but crouch there in his warm hiding-place, blinking up at the sun, drinking in the rich breeze of the moor.

Nothing much seemed to matter; it was merely good to be alive, and by degrees his bones ceased to ache and the racking pain deserted his forehead. And then a drowsy and delicious sense of lassitude came over him.

He glanced at the delicate curl of a green fern, and marked how much beauty there was in the world, absolutely wasted beauty. He thought of the millions of beautiful flowers and exquisite foliage wasted, as far as the eyes of men went, and then he recalled with a shudder the cold bareness of Princetown.

No flowers after a prison. The most gracious gift of God to earth must be withheld from those in captivity. Denzil thought it needlessly cruel, and then he abandoned himself once more to a spirit of dreamy, sleepy content.

He heard the whirr of busy insect life going on all around him, and he watched a mighty procession of ants and the idle flitting of a dull, stupid drone, and he just felt vaguely that he himself had a part in this world of life, his little hour, even as the ant and the drone.

He fell asleep, lulled by the peace of the moor, and his sleep was deep, untroubled, dreamless.

He awoke with a start and a shiver; he had slept from midday to sunset, and now the sun had gone down, and the whole world felt cold.

A mist was rising, one of those white vapour fogs that the men of Dartmoor hate and dread, a chill, damp mist that sucks warmth from the heart and the vigour from the limbs and takes wraith-like fantastic shapes, making the real appear unreal, clothing the world with a weird, white shroud.

Denzil peered, startled, into the blur of fog, and realised that he was chilled to the bone, also that soft rain was falling, fine rain that soaks the earth and wets to the skin.

He crouched further back, then put his hands mechanically into his pockets, trying to warm them, and he touched something hard and drew out a small leather purse. Heron had evidently brought down the first suit he had put his hands on, heedless whether the pockets were empty or not.

The old man opened the purse with some caution and fingered the contents—silver and gold he judged by the feel. And surely that rustling piece of paper must be a banknote. He had refused the coins proffered by Robert Chevenix, but to use his son's money would be very different.

A vision rose before him of some small inn, warm with firelight, where even a hunted man might obtain food and refuge from the elements. He and cry had died down. Besides, the clothes he wore would be some disguise, and the glitter of his gold would help him, too.

He crawled stifly out of his hiding-place; the mist would doubtless prove his friend as he crossed the moor, only he must keep to the path. He remembered Hilden Mire, but was uncertain whether it lay to the right or to the left, and he realised that once off the footpath a false step might plunge him into the mire.

He wondered vaguely if his duty lay that way, his duty to his son. After all, it would be a comparatively easy death, and life could hold so little in store for him—it was even wise to desire life?

The broken jar is thrown away; so, too, the blotted page, and the rotten branch cut down, and for the man who falls there is always seven feet of earth and the measureless comfort of oblivion from the sneers of his fellows.

Philip Denzil had a strong belief in God, little in man. He remembered the days at Princetown, and deliberately stepped off the footway, yet, as he did so, some vague shape loomed dark through the mist and clutched his arm with strong, compelling fingers.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Fels-Naptha

is stronger and quicker than old-fashion soaps; and yet it is mild; they are not.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

NEWS AT SEA.

Paper Published on a Liner by
Marconi's Aid.

The attempt to issue a daily bulletin of the world's news on a Cunard liner was, according to Reuter, crowned with entire success during the last trip of the Campania.

Every morning, for the price of five cents, the passengers were able to purchase an up-to-date newspaper by the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

During three days, while she was in mid-ocean, the Campania maintained constant communication with both sides of the Atlantic.

This unique news sheet contained not only the news of the world, but the chronicles of four complete little ocean-going communities.

It was edited by a well-known journalist, and made its appearance each morning at breakfast-time. All the available copies were eagerly bought up on board. Already fancy prices are being offered in New York for this curiosity of journalism.

It is now possible, as Signor Marconi predicted it would be, for the New York "hustler" to make the transatlantic voyage without losing grip of a single detail of his business. He can practically travel with a tape-machine ticking in his cabin.

Throughout the trip of the Umbria, which left New York on Saturday, the same supply of news will be carried out.

PRUNING AN OPERA.

M. Saint-Saëns's "Hérodiade" To
Be Given at Covent Garden.

Great interest has been aroused in operatic circles by the announcement that M. Saint-Saëns's famous sacred opera, "Hérodiade" is to be produced at Covent Garden.

The chief character in M. Saint-Saëns's opera, as produced in Paris, is Salome, the daughter of Herod, who demanded of her father the head of John the Baptist as a reward for her beautiful dancing.

A Mirror representative, however, who called at the Royal Opera House on Saturday was informed by the management that the censor is not sanctioning the appearance of sacred characters on the stage.

The scene, as it will be performed at Covent Garden, will be laid in Egypt, instead of Palestine. The incident of a mother instigating her daughter to obtain the execution of the object of her hatred by obtaining a boon from a tyrannical ruler will be introduced, but there the similarity to the Gospel narrative ends.

Both Salome and Herod will receive different names.

The representation, which will be in French, will take place at the end of the month, with Mme. Calvé in the principal rôle. M. Fournet will also be in the cast. M. Saint-Saëns is himself superintending the rehearsals and will be present at the first performance.

RUSSIA'S GREATEST ENEMY.

There is a feeling of intense depression in Russia at the series of disasters which they have suffered since the opening of the war, and on this subject the "Journal St. Petersburg" writes:—

"Doubtless, many of us think that we refer to the Japanese, but this is a mistake. The greatest and most serious enemy of Russia, the one that is most difficult to conquer, and with which Russians should contend at all costs, is not the Japanese, with whom we are at war, nor the English, who perhaps will declare war against us to-morrow, nor the white nor yellow races.

"Russia's most dangerous enemy lies in herself, and instead of resisting it with all our moral strength, Russians support and encourage it. But if we continue in this direction this feeling will cause us more harm than all the Japanese military forces taken together.

"Pessimism is the mortal enemy of Russia. The habit of doubt, which causes Russians to see in all things and in everybody evil, is the real enemy against which Russia should struggle with all her power."

TROUBLESOME STOWAWAYS.

Two stowaways named Manuel Neenes and Feliciano Abren, who secreted themselves on board the Union Castle liner, Kinfauns Castle, Cape Town, were placed under restraint in a third-class cabin when the vessel was approaching Madeira. In retaliation they broke no less than twenty-four mirrors, twelve electric lamps, and other articles.

Upon the steamer reaching Southampton on Saturday the stowaways were handed over to the police. The Southampton magistrates ordered them each a month's imprisonment for wilful damage, fining them also £15 and costs, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment, for defrauding the Union Castle Company.

The wife of a stoker at Limerick has given birth to three daughters, and at Doncaster a labourer's wife has been delivered of four children.

120,000,000 VISITORS.

The Crystal Palace Celebrates Its
50th Anniversary.

Over 60,000 persons were present at the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and this multitude included three gentlemen who assisted at the opening festival fifty years ago—Sir August Manns, Dr. W. Cummings, and Sir Frederick Bridge.

In an interesting speech the chairman, Mr. Schenk, said that the Palace was composed of 10,000 tons of iron, 62 acres of glass, 200 tons of nuts and bolts, 100 tons of nails, and was heated by 50 miles of hot-water pipes. Laid side by side the sheets of glass would extend 48 miles, and placed end to end 250 miles.

The feature of Saturday's jubiliations was a grand concert with 3,000 festival choir and orchestra performers.

At the conclusion the Palace School of Art presented Sir August Manns with a gigantic laurel wreath amidst a scene of great enthusiasm.

A banquet was given in the Garden Hall at seven o'clock, to which some 200 members of the world of art and literature had been invited.

The principal features of the great pyrotechnic display were the portraits of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the Crystal Palace with the words and figures, "1854 to 1904—120,000,000 visitors" inscribed above it.

ARMS AND THE MAN.

Canada's Volunteers Stand by
Lord Dundonald.

Lord Dundonald has offered his resignation of the command of the Canadian Forces as a protest against political influence in Army matters.

As officer in charge of the Canadian Militia he submitted to the Minister of Militia—at present Mr. Fisher, the Minister of Agriculture, is acting for the Minister of Militia during his absence—a list of officers for appointment and promotion, which in the usual way is accepted and acted upon.

Lord Dundonald states that this list has been altered by Mr. Fisher—a course he characterises as a grave breach of etiquette, and an attempt to introduce politics into Militia appointments.

Military circles in Canada are seething with excitement, as Lord Dundonald is regarded as a most competent officer. His reconstruction of the defences of the Dominion made him very popular with all classes of the people.

To such an extent has feeling been aroused that a prominent member of the Stock Exchange, who is on the retired list of Militia officers, proposes in the local Press that if Lord Dundonald is compelled to resign every Volunteer in Canada shall, as a protest, lay down his arms.

NOT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Hope Still Deferred for a Brighter
"Underground."

In about six months the electrification of the District Railway will have been completed and the era of speed and cleanliness will commence on the "Underground."

Interviewed by a representative of the Mirror Mr. Chapman, the chairman of the Underground Electric Traction Company, said that the work was being rapidly pushed on.

They had at the present time over 1,600 men at work on the job, 800 at the power-house and the other half outside.

"We have practically finished twenty miles of the permanent way. In the new cars the entrance will be at each end only, but there will be an emergency door in the centre of each compartment."

A CHANCE FOR SWIMMERS.

The "Weekly Dispatch" offer of a trophy for the successful swimming of the English Channel has already had a stimulating effect upon swimming.

People of both sexes who previously took little or no interest in the sport are now waking up, and many of the swimming baths in London have experienced a better time during the last four or five days than they have done for a considerable time.

The name of the selected candidate for the Channel swim will be announced as soon as possible. In the meantime applications are invited, and should be addressed to the Aquatic Editor, "Weekly Dispatch," 3, Tallis-street, E.C.

In the Chancery Division, Dublin, it was arranged on Saturday that the trial of the action brought by Lord De Freyne against members of the Irish Parliamentary party and officers of the United Irish League for alleged intimidation in the management of his estate should begin on June 29.

THEN AND NOW.

1769—Fountain Pens—1904

As early in History as 1769 we are told that John Bramah, a Yorkshire farmer, invented an "ever ready" pen made of a tube of metal so thin that compressing it drove out the ink.

In 1819, John Scheffer patented a fountain pen which comprised a reservoir in a holder operated by a push button, which caused the flow of ink to the nib. These forerunners of the ever ready pen are forgotten, or nearly so; their design was crude, and they could not be relied on. Modern taste requires something that is ready always.

Fountain Pens are no longer luxuries, they are necessities, and have reached a stage of perfection. The proprietors of the "Daily Mirror" have by a favourable opportunity secured a parcel of

FOUNTAIN
PENS

and are placing them before their readers at a price which is without parallel.

The demand for these Pens at 2s. 6d. each shows that the opportunity has been appreciated.

If you want a really good Fountain Pen at such a reasonable price you will be wise if you fill in the coupon below and post with remittance at once. The supply is limited. The demand has already reached huge proportions.

To-day is the day to send in your coupon for delay may spell disappointment.

The
"DAILY MIRROR"
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in 3 sizes
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CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to
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YOU MAY PURCHASE the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.

SPECTRE OF THE TSAR.

Unhappy Nicholas II. Haunted by the Fear of Death— Tragedies of the Russian Throne.

Unhappy Tsar! Is there any living man who has had more unmerited misery thrust upon him?

From his youth up he has been menaced by mysterious death, and his life has been lived under a reign of terror that would have driven most men mad.

Of an amiable, well-intentioned character, he has lived in an atmosphere pregnant with murder, and amid such horrors as could only be painted by a master of tragedy.

Twenty high officials and his grandfather, the Tsar, were murdered while he was a youth. He was with his father when they twice escaped death by little short of a miracle. He himself narrowly escaped assassination as a young man, and since he came to the throne none know how often he has been near death.

Two thousand of his subjects died at his coronation celebrations. He has in vain tried to break the power of the Russian officialdom that he has seen ruining his unhappy country, and now he is seeing it blasted by an ill-advised, ill-conducted war.

Is there a man living with a more unhappy record?

If he look back on history horror is piled on horror. The fates of his immediate ancestors have been so terrible that he must shudder to read them.

Back in the middle of the eighteenth century Peter the Third was strangled after having been compelled to abdicate. That unhappy monarch's son, Paul, was likewise strangled. After him came his son Nicholas.

History says that Nicholas the First died of intermittent fever, but sinister rumours were afloat about his death, and there are many reasons for believing that he was poisoned.

Battle, murder, and sudden death have marked the history of the country that Nicholas the Second now rules, and its record might have been written thousands of times over in the blood that has been shed in its making.

BIRTH OF NIHILISM.

But the terrors that surrounded the Russian throne were made even greater when, in the middle of the nineteenth century, that grim, mad, avenger of the Russian people's miseries, Nihilism, was born.

Its true history will never be written, but Nicholas the Second, Tsar of all the Russias, knows something of its inheritance of terror.

Before he came to the throne thirty-nine prominent officials had been murdered by the Nihilists and scores of others had barely escaped with their lives. Knife and revolver, poison and bomb, all were unsparingly used by these desperate champions of the downtrodden people.

While the present Tsar was a child, General Trepov, prefect of St. Petersburg, was shot, General Mezentsov, Chief of Police, was assassinated in broad daylight in the streets of the city, and Prince Krapotkin, Governor of Kharkoff, was another victim of whose death the boy must have heard with bewilderment and awe.

But these murders, terrible though they were, sank into insignificance beside that of Alexander the Second. Many desperate attempts had been made on that monarch's life. Once ten people

it strangely heavy. He examined it carefully and found that the inside held enough dynamite to blow him to atoms. It was already dusk, and a few minutes later he would have applied the light that would have sent him into eternity.

The escape availed him little. The tragedy of 1881 is too well known to need retelling in detail. To escape possible attempts on his life his guides drove him through an un-

inadequate, and 2,000 of them, including women and children, were crushed and trampled to death. The tragedy was a sinister omen of the miseries to follow, and for years the Tsar shuddered when his coronation day was mentioned.

Within a few months of this the danger that surrounded him was thrown into lurid relief by the tragic death of an innocent man.

The young Tsar, interested in a gardener's work, beckoned the man to him. The gardener ran forward, and had nearly reached his Imperial master, when a sentry, who had not seen the Tsar's signal, and suspected the man of some attempt on the ruler's life, fired at the man and shot him through the heart, so that he died at Nicholas's feet.

Everywhere the Tsar goes he is shadowed by his secret police. It is said that when he was on a visit to Scotland he questioned a gillie—and found a Russian detective disguised. His trains

harassed and depressed beyond words. Who would hold such a position and his reason for long? It is said that many of the reported attempts of Nihilists are but machinations of the Russian officials who seek to terrorise their nominal ruler into submission to their wishes. And that may well be. Who can say what is happening in such a land as Russia?

And once this poor Tsar was a genial, light-hearted youngster that all his friends called "Nicky"—unhappy, death-haunted Nicholas!

SMART SKIPPERS FOR RISKY TRIPS.

Shoals are being exported to the Far East in shipments daily. The vessels leaving Cardiff and Swansea clear for Hong Kong. From there they clear to their final port of destination at their own risk. Since the commencement of the Russo-



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE TSAR, ALEXANDER II.

A bomb was thrown, which wounded one of the Tsar's escort, but did not hurt the Tsar, who immediately alighted from his carriage and went to the assistance of the wounded man. As he did so a second bomb was thrown, which exploded at his feet.

frequented thoroughfare, but the precaution was of no avail.

A bomb was thrown at the carriage, and the coachman and others were badly wounded. The Tsar's guards strove to hurry him away, but he insisted on seeing how the wounded men fared.

"I am safe," he cried. "Not yet," answered a voice, and as the words were heard another bomb fell at the ruler's feet, shattering his legs and the lower part of his body, so that he died in agony a few hours later.

And then the Nihilists announced that their victim had been sentenced to death two years before. This tragedy came when the present Tsar was thirteen years of age.

Alexander the Third, the father of Nicholas II., escaped assassination as by a miracle.

As a young man the present Tsar was with him when, his train derailed by the Nihilists while travelling in the dead of night, Alexander placed his arms round his wife and daughters and waited for death.

SHATTERED BY THE STRAIN.

But though Alexander III. was spared to die a natural death, his life was one long tragedy, and his nervous system was eventually shattered by a strain that would have killed a weaker man long before the iron-framed Alexander sank.

All these tragedies have Nicholas known, and, in addition, his own trials have been almost more than flesh and blood could survive.

When touring in Japan he nearly lost his life. A Japanese policeman, who is said to have been insane, struck at the Tsar with his sword.

The mad policeman may, perchance, have foreseen the events of to-day casting their shadow before. The Tsar was then on his way to cut the first sod of the Siberian railway.

The Jap inflicted one severe wound, and would have inevitably have killed Nicholas but for Prince George of Greece, who felled the assailant to the ground with a heavy stick he was carrying.

The beginning of the reign of the present Tsar was marked by the wholesale slaughter of 2,000 of his subjects.

Hundreds of thousands had gathered to rejoice at his coronation. The police arrangements were

travel at night, and no one is allowed to know of his movements.

The apparently enthusiastic moujik running cheering by his carriage is probably a detective employed to guard him.

They say the latest report of an attempt upon his life is untrue. Is it likely that the much-

Japanese war many of the old tramp-steamers skippers have been temporarily displaced, and the commands are given to smart young officers in the Royal Naval Reserve.

One captain has successfully landed a big cargo of coal and ammunition, and has come back to England for another load.

QUEEN AND QUADRILLES.

As is well known, the quadrille has long since been banished from society dances.

The result is that many high-born ladies and gentlemen have either forgotten or never learned how to go through the various figures.

This was demonstrated in a rather amusing way some evenings ago at a dance which was graced by the presence of Queen Alexandra.

The band struck up quadrille music, and the partners took the floor with smiles and misgivings, wondering how the discarded dance was to be performed.

It then appeared that only the Queen knew the figures correctly, and, entering into the humour of the curious situation, her Majesty directed the dancers through their parts.

The incident had a salutary effect, in view of last Friday night's state ball.

Mothers immediately dispatched their young daughters to acquire the necessary steps, and quadrille lessons were freely taken during the past week.

ROBIN'S NEST ON A GRAVE.

A robin has chosen a strange nesting place at Preston-next-Wingham, East Kent.

The bird has built its nest beneath a glass shade on a grave, the shade being in such a position that the robin could make its way beneath.

In Dublin Bridget Wheatley, a young girl, has been sent to prison for two years with hard labour for stealing £40 in bank-notes from a woman in one of the city churches.



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

His prompt action saved the life of the present Tsar, who was attacked by a Japanese policeman while on his way to cut the first sod of the Vladivostok railway.

were killed and thirty-four wounded by an explosion that would have killed the whole Imperial Family but for their being late for dinner.

Only a few months before he died Alexander had an almost miraculous escape. Picking up a candle, which he had accidentally knocked down, he found



THE TSAR, ALEXANDER II.,
Assassinated in 1881 by means of a bomb.

threatened Tsar or those round him will believe? They know his dangers. The Prince of Wales proposed to go to his relative's coronation, but it was reported that, being so like the Tsar, the Russian police begged him not to go. It was enough, they said, to protect one Tsar.

Small wonder this once light-hearted man is

expenditure during the past year amounting
£2,893 10s. 10d. Last season the gate receipts amount
to £10,650 2s. 7d. Players' wages came to £4,364 16s. 6d.

Ladies' Kent All-Comers' Championship.—Champion-
ship round: Miss D. K. Douglass (challenger) beat Miss
M. Wilson (holder) (6-2, 6-2).

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 3), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 1d. per line (10 words) each word afterwards. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY and CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

COOK wanted immediately for flat in town; only 2 in family; wages, 35s. per week; very easy place. Call to-day and to-morrow Mrs. B. 45, New Bond-st. W.

GENERAL Servant (good) wanted in clergyman's family. West Hill Villas, W. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

GENERAL wanted; fond children; clean, quick, early rise—45, Bessam Manor, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

HOUSEMAID (single-handed) wanted for Ealing Comm. 100—Pleasant place, 45, New Bond-st. W.

HOUSEMAID (third) wanted for East Kensington; wages 15s. 6d.—Pleasant place, 45, New Bond-st. W.

MAN and Wife wanted at once for any place in Kent; one lady; wages £60.—Call to-day and to-morrow, Mrs. D., 45, New Bond-st. W.

Miscellaneous.

AGENTS wanted.—Ink Erasing Electric Pencil; erases ink in 2 seconds without abrasion; one agent's profits 8 weeks over £75.—Address Eraser, 21, Montpelier, Doncaster.

MEN and Women wanted to work our rapid Knitting Machines at their homes, making work for us to sell to the trade; no experience, no canvassing; steady work; good money earned; distance no hindrance.—Write to-day the Harty Machine and Woolen Company, 62, Market-st., Manchester.

REQUIRED, an energetic and trustworthy man, with good references, to represent old-established company.—Address L., Box 1431, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

PER WEEK easily earned by advertisement writers; prospectus free.—Address Advertising School (Dept. 109), 125, Oxford-st., London, W.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A. A. "How Money Makes Money."—Post free to all mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with £1 capital how large profits may be made. £10 can make from £5 to £10 per month! Not so, and is it? Capital not required! Write to—Lidley and Skinner, 11, Portly, London, E.C.

LOANS—£10 upwards; householders, tradesmen, etc.; repay by post.—3, Hyde, Broadway, Woking.

LOANS—£25 and upwards; repayable monthly, by post.—Apply Gould, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

£5 TO £1000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of hand; no surplus required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 13, Islington-green, Islington, London.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

CYCLISTS' Goggles (protection from wind, sun, flies, and dust), with gauge sides, 1s. 3d., including case; best quality, 1s. 6d.; ditto, best silk netting, including case; frames, 2s. 9d. Ovals or lined glass, 1s. 3d. great boots to cyclists; preserves your eyes.—Gardner, Optician, 29, Holway-st., London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHICKEN-HATCHING MARVEL.—For 2s. 6d. a Texas Egg Hatcher and Reeler combined supercedes all incubators hatched above and rears little ones below simultaneously all the year round; a money-making home industry, requiring neither capital nor labour; turns out 2000 valuable chickens or ducklings; millions selling in America; 15s. 6d. single, 2s. 6d. 30s.; complete for use—Address American Patent System, Royal Albert Hall, 12, St. George's, St. George's, London. N. Illustrated list, 1d. stamp.

WASH YOUR SHIRTS AND COLLARS WELL DRESSED! It is not, put them to Thompson's Model Laundry, Margate, Margate.

ASTHMA CURED by Zephonine.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd-st., London.

BENIGN OINTMENT.—Cures tender feet, corns, chilblains; 14 stamps.—Carnegie, 85, Regent-st., London.

CONSULT Mlle. Beatrice, the highly recommended, French Patentist and Clairvoyant, at 105, Regent-st., home, 11 to 7.

COLETT Dressmaker; highly recommended; French experience; perfect style; all; exquisite work; prices exceptionally advantageous; modes—Write 1377, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

DAINTY TEETH FOR LADIES.—We are Artists in Teeth; every set a special study; sets, 1s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.; single teeth, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d.—The Dental Association, 138, Strand, London, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYER.—Jamaica Depilatory instantly removes superfluous hairs from face, neck, arms, without injury to skin. Of most chemists, or, free from observation, postal order for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d.—Mrs. M. Jones, 268, Chancery-lane, London.

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NEURALGIA and Toothache; 3 minute guarantee cure by using King of American Oils, prepared only by E. Merritt, 11, Motley-st., Chancery-lane, London; none genuine without signature; 1s. 1d. per bottle, post free.

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PALMISTRY, 6, Harrowrd, Edgeware; 12 till 9; accurate; clever; gifted; high Press.

PRIMER of Christianity; or, Principles of Faith; 1s. 4d.; Holmewood Avenue, Herle Hill, E.E.

RINGWORM Permanently Cured; use Inver's Specific; 1s. for child; 2s. for adult; 3s. for severe cases; 4s. for cure in plain package.—Porter and Co., Ely, Cambs.

SIX times too much call burned—Write Sugar Soap Co., 11, Motley-st., Chancery-lane, London.

THURSDAY for working men, giving absolute comfort, from 8.30 to 9.30; no quackery; expert advice free.—Field, 11, Abchurch-lane, London.

WASHING—Ladies requiring a first-class laundry at moderate prices are invited to give us a trial; linen returned punctually; well aired; and free from the odor of common soap; special instructions receive proper attention; handkerchiefs, collars, and cuffs, of all materials, open up to inspection, specially built for the work; with perfect sanitation—Swan Laundry, Blythe-rd., West Kensington.

MARKETING BY POST.

A—A DAINY DRESS PARCEL, for 30s.; a marvel of A enterprise; 2s. 6d. deposit, balance 1s. weekly; write for pattern, security or reference required.—J. J. Beale and Son, Limited, Credit Stores, 70, 72, 74, 76, and 78, Old Kent-rd., E.E. The prices charged will only allow us to supply London and the suburbs.

DELICIOUSLY tender spring chickens; 3s. 9d. pair, trussed, fresh.—Miss Watson, Terrace, Bury, Cork.

IF YOU WANT GOOD POULTRY, send P.O. 4s. Central Market Supply, 25, Farringdon-st., Smithfield, London, for 2 choice ducks or 2 large spring chickens; trussed, carriage paid; try them.

LIVE FISH; unrivalled value; choice selected basket, 6lb. 2s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 11lb. 2s. 11lb. 3s. 6d.; 21lb. 5s.; cleaned and carriage paid; sure to please; list and particulars free.—Standard Fish Company, Grimsby, N.B. Inferior quality at cheaper rates not supplied.

NEW POTATOES, 10lbs. for 2s.; cash with order.—Fisher and Coney, Jersey.

POULTRY.—H. PEAKE IS THE PIONEER OF CHEAP POULTRY.—Send me a P.O. for 4s. 6d., and I will send you, carriage paid, 3 large finest quality chickens, usually sold in retail shops at 7s. couple; other goods at market prices.—H. Peake, 402-403, Central Market, London.

STRAWBERRIES, ripe, 2lb. for 5s.; table chickens, 5s. couple; with 18 eggs, 1lb. butter, vegetables, including new potatoes, tomatoes, 10s. 6d.; blossoms, roses, fern, 1s. 6d. box; all carriage paid.—Laycock, Tewkesbury, Petersfield.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BORD'S Pianos.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 14s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal Grand, from 25s.; upright grands, 17s. 6d.; collages, 10s. 6d. to 13s. per month on the 3 years' system.—C. Biles and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-rd., London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

PIANO, German; overstrung; cost 30 guineas three months ago; accept £20.—211, New King-st., Fulham.

SOLOISTS.—Valuable old Violin; brilliant tone; played to large audiences; perfect condition; bargain, £12 15s. including handsome case and cover—Write 1427, "Daily Mirror," Bond-street Square, 45, New Bond-st. W.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A COSTUME to measure, 42s.—Marsh, Tailors, 47, White-church-st., Piccadilly-circus.

A FREE daily sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list; send stamp.—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

AT the Bondstreet Dress Agency Ltd., a number of exclusive French model gowns and dust-coats, etc. for Acrot and Goodwood, at bargain prices.—95, New Bond-st. (entrance opposite 100).

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles; 21s.; worth £2 double; mops, Dagwoods, Nightgowns, Flannels; aprons.—Call or write, Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, complete set, 50 articles, very choice, named; 21s.; approval.—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

BLOUSES! BLOUSES! BLOUSES!—Don't buy without seeing our catalogue of charming novelties; save interest; media profits by buying direct.—Write immediately Wynne Bros., 15s, Bridge-rd., E.C.

BLOUSES for sale.—Smart, up-to-date style, made of good wearing material; only 2s. and 2s. 6d. each; send call, and we will dispatch goods immediately.—Gordon and Co., 164, St. John's-rd., Upper Holloway, London.

BLOUSES made, ladies' materials, 2s.; cut, fit, finish excellent.—Miss Cosens, Rushden.

BLOUSES, 2s. 4d.; post-free.—Send material to Cluthfield, 11, Old Town, Chichester.

BOYLESS CORSETS: full support without steel; lightest weight ever produced; made at Swanley's Grace-maid-rd., Nottingham.

BUY IRISH LINEN direct from Ireland.—Handkerchiefs, 2s. 3d. 4d.; collars, 4s. 11d. dozen; Sheets, Table-cloths, Towels, Serviettes, etc., all linen goods; price lists free.—Hutton's, Room 81, Larne, Ireland.

ANGELA

COURT DRESSMAKER

53, CONDUIT ST., W.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATION.

Smart gown of silk spotted muslin, gauged skirt—silk lined. Bodice drawn trimmed with lace and deep belt with ends at back.

PRICE 5½ GUINEAS.

SPECIALITY.

Smart soft silk blouse, tiny tucks, prettily trimmed with lace, large new sleeves, made to measure.

ONE GUINEA.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BRIGHTON.—Johannesburg Regent Establishment, 85, Regent-st., Brighton. Moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—Garibaldi Hotel, for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

TUBEROULAR Cases received at farmhouse in Norfolk; moderate terms. Apply Nurse, 1222, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st. W.

STAY AT CASTLE HOTEL.

BRIGHTON HOLIDAYS.—MODERATE CHARGES.—CASTLE HOTEL, Middle-st., Brighton. Best position in Brighton; close to the sea, between West and East Pier; note our moderate charges. Bed and breakfast from 12s. 6d. per day. Room board: Saturday to Monday, 12s. 6d., or 25s. per week; one minute from sea, and between the two plans; good coffee-room and saloon. Write to secure rooms to Proprietress, Castle Hotel, Brighton.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen. Army, professional, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.K.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys under 12; 68-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

SINGING, Pianoforte, Mandoline, Violin Lessons; 5s. monthly.—Miss Leslie, 41, Berners-st., London.

STAMMERING, Lipping.—Former sufferer desires pupils.—Letters, Speech, 8, Birch-lane, London.

BOARD RESIDENCE & APARTMENTS.

LARGE front room, furnished, as bed-sitting room, with fire smaller as kitchen; everything for use; 10s. 6d. Bed-sitting room, 9s. 6d.—57/58, Hargreave.

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CHARMING coloured Miniatures from any photograph, 1s.; in silver pendant, 1s. 6d.; gold, 1s.; samples sent.—Chapman, Artist, Portofino.

FISH Knives and Forks; handsome 4-guinea case, 6 pairs silver, half-metal, and ivory handles; unused; accept 16s. 6d.; approval—M. E. 31, Chapham-rd.

FURNITURE, fixtures, etc., to be sold very cheaply by family removing; no reasonable offer refused; all in good condition; no dealers.—Apply after 7 p.m., 33, Park Lane, Chiswell Park.

FURNITURE, Objects of Art, Clothes, etc., bought; goods sent full value returned same day; state particulars.—Pudding Parlour, 10, St. James's-st., London.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK, genuine antique; good condition; capital timekeeper; 60s.—101, Trimmer-rd., East-hill.

LADY'S GLOVE (not rolled gold) Ring, set real stones, only 5s. approval.—Nixon, 6, Grafton-st., Chapham.

LARGE Assortment of cheap Ladies' Fashionable Trunks to be sold, cheap.—Went, 107, Charing Cross-rd. W.

NEW ART JEWELLERY, in gold and silver; also latest exclusive novelties; suitable presents for ladies and gentlemen; all manufacturers' prices.—Address